

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Vestiarium Scotticum: from the Manuscript formerly in the Library of the Scots College at Douay; with an Introduction and Notes.* By JOHN SOBIESKI STUART. Folio. Edinburgh, 1842.
2. *Tales of the Century; or Sketches of the Romance of History between the Years 1746 and 1846.* By JOHN SOBIESKI and CHARLES EDWARD STUART. Post 8vo. Edinburgh, 1847.
3. *The Decline of the Last Stuarts. Extracts from the Despatches of British Envoys to the Secretary of State.* [Edited for the Roxburghe Club by Lord MAHON.] 4to. London, 1843.

How many centuries elapsed before the eyes of the Welsh could be opened to the fact that Arthur was actually dead, and not awaiting, in the enchanted bower of Morgana, the time when he should come forth again to lead the Cymry to victory and drive the English out of Britain! How long did the Scots continue to hope that James IV. had only concealed himself in despair after the fatal field of Flodden, and would yet resume his throne! Scarcely had Richard II. disappeared in Pontefract Castle ere the Scottish government declared that he was alive at Stirling—and a historian of eminence, our own contemporary, maintains the truth of the assertion! The extinction of the male blood of Plantagenet was immediately followed by the imposture of Perkin Warbeck; and it is proved by one, at least, of the works before us that the unhappy dynasty of Stuart has not been allowed to vanish from our political horizon without a somewhat similar attempt being hazarded in its case.

Long after all idea of any opposition to the Hanoverian government had been abandoned on both sides—even after the death of Charles Edward had virtually extinguished the Jacobites as a party—the proscription which had followed their last struggle left behind it a feeling of insecurity, which hung over the descendants of those who had worn the white cockade, and made them unwilling even to talk of the events which had involved their relations in so much misery. But neither the utter overthrow of Culloden, nor the death of the last Stuart they had seen among them, could efface from the minds of the Gael their native proverb, *Theid duthchas an aghaidh nan crag*—"Hereditary right will surmount the rocks." The Jacobite spirit still continued to smoulder deep in the hearts of a large proportion of the Scottish people;—when the publication of Waverley, in 1814, suddenly proclaimed, that, although the time elapsed was short, yet the condition of things was entirely changed—and that the events on which they had been content to brood in the fondness of secrecy had elapsed so entirely into the domain of history that there no longer existed any cause for concealment. The same stroke of genius was felt at once in England, and very speedily abroad—awakening the whole civilized world to a full sense of the romantic character of the parting effort for the house of Stuart.

The natural reaction immediately took place, and Highland scenery, Highland character, Highland history acquired an interest which they had never

before attracted. While tourists hurried to admire the wild but lovely landscapes within the Grampian chain, the bravery which had induced a few thousand mountaineers to follow Charles Edward into the heart of England, and the true-hearted devotion which had sheltered him in their lonely glens, although a price of 30,000*l.* had been set upon his head, and more than a hundred poor men were often at once aware of his hiding-place, met with their richly earned meed of praise.

One effect, however, of this new enthusiasm concerning the Highlanders was that the demand on the part of the public for information as to the origin and descent, as well as the peculiar constitution of the clans, very greatly exceeded the supply which was then at their command, and impressions the most crude and unfounded became extensively prevalent. Almost every peculiarity about them was controverted with a violence which threatened to involve the whole question in hopeless confusion. While one class of authors were extolling the Gael as the unmixed descendants of the most ancient population of the west of Europe, preserving their primitive patriarchal government uncorrupted; and another still stigmatized them, in the style of sour old Pinkerton, as a motley rabble of Normans, Danes, and Saxons, who had adopted the language of their half-savage vassals; it was the anxious wish of sober bystanders that the history and customs of this singular people might be investigated by one who, combining an earnest delight in antiquities with a calm judgment, should collect all that could actually be recovered on the subject, and arrange it in a business-like form for the general use. Several works having fair pretensions to this character have been published within the last few years; but none such had appeared when George IV. came to the throne, and the announcement of his intention to visit Scotland suddenly concentrated upon the single article of the Highland dress most of the Celtic *engouement* which had for some time pervaded the country. The prospect of receiving the king in his "ancient kingdom" excited in all ranks the desire that it should, on this occasion, wear as much as possible its ancient appearance. The hereditary officers of the Scottish court at once claimed their rightful positions in attendance on the royal person, and prepared their retinues accordingly. The old body-guard of archers was reorganized, several Highland chiefs collected their followings, and the population at large hastened to assume as national an aspect as might be attainable. Anxious inquiries were now made on every side by those who, either by the form of their names or by tradition, had any claim to a Celtic origin, after the clan they belonged to, and the garb they might be entitled to wear; and those who had any pretensions, however slight, to know more on such points than their neighbors, were listened to as oracles, and greatly enjoyed their new authority.

Of those who came forward at this time to instruct their less learned countrymen in the mysteries of plaids and badges, none assumed a more conspicuous position than the two gentlemen to whom we are indebted for the "*Vestiarium Scoti-*

cum," and the "Tales of the Century." They wore the dress with a pomp and splendor of ornament, and in some respects with a peculiarity of form, which astonished Glengary and Garth themselves. They knew the appropriate tartan of every name and sept in the country, some of the patterns produced by them being quite novel and singularly gorgeous. And while it was asserted that their lore was derived from sources unknown to less favored antiquaries, it was whispered that their own connection with the Highlands involved some dark story of the most romantic interest. A small collection of poems published by one of them in the summer of 1822, just before the king's visit, contained some odd hints connected with both these subjects of speculation; but during several subsequent lustres nothing occurred to dissipate the charm of obscurity. At length, after twenty years of expectation, the volumes before us have lifted the veil; for while the "*Vestiarium Scoticum*" is professedly the source of their intimate and peculiar acquaintance with the "making and devisyng of tertanis"—"darke settis and lychter settis"—"dowble sprayngis and littel stryppis," &c., &c.,—the "*Tales of the Century*" furnish a key to the mysterious rumor of a most illustrious pedigree.

Of the "*Vestiarium Scoticum*" its editor, Mr. John Sobieski Stuart, gives us the following account:—

"The tract now published in the following volume is printed from a MS. in my possession, collated with the transcript of another in the library of the monastery of St. Augustine in Cadiz. It is a small black-letter quarto of the sixteenth century, containing thirty-four pages of vellum, illuminated with small plain capitals, such as the ordinary initials of inferior missals. It was once in the possession of the historian and faithful adherent of Queen Mary, John Lesly, Bishop of Ross, as appears by his signature in the first leaf. Immediately below is noted, in his small neat hand, 'Primo Maii, 1571, I tuck my feaver and ageu at ix huris at nyt.' It would have little flattered the author of the '*Vestiarium Scoticum*' to know that the blank leaves of his work served as a common-place book to another writer; but the above line was evidently a note for recollection towards some permanent entry; and upon referring to the autograph diary of the bishop, the notice of his illness will be found under the same date, in that volume.

"Some of the many calamities which scattered the adherents of the house of Stuart, and brought together many of their persons and their remains in the Catholic seclusions of the continent, conveyed the '*Vestiarium Scoticum*,' and many papers of the Bishop of Ross, into the library of the Scots college at Douay. During the long incognito of the Prince Charles Edward, between the years 1749 and 1754, he visited that seminary for purposes which expired in the obscurity wherein they were planned; and during his stay he received from the fathers many papers which had belonged to Queen Mary, her adherents, and King James the Seventh. Among others of a very different nature was found the Bishop of Ross' copy of the '*Vestiarium Scoticum*.' This copy, now in my possession, being the oldest and the most perfect, has served as the original to the present publication.

"The next in value, that which belonged to the library of the convent of St. Augustine, is a small paper folio, bound in panel, written in the ordinary running hand of the time of James the Sixth. By

the signature and date it had at one time belonged to 'ane honerabil man, Maister James Dunbarre, w^e in y^e burg of Innesnesse, in y^e yeir of God ain thousand sax hunder and aucht yeirs.' By a subsequent name upon the cover, 'Johan O'Neil, cleric,' it had probably passed into the hands of one of the many expatriated Irish priests, who were driven to the continent during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the Sixth, and in this revolution probably found its way into the monastery of St. Augustine. Spain was at that time the principal sanctuary for the Irish and Island refugees; and it is not improbable that the possessor of the volume might have been one of the followers of the unfortunate James Macdonald of Isla and the Glens, who, on his expulsion from Ulster and the Isles, fled to the court of Philip the Third. Between this copy and that of the Bishop of Ross there are but very few variations, and almost all, apparently, accidental omissions of the copyist; wherever they occur they have been noted on the margin of this edition.

"Besides these copies there is also in my possession a third, of a much lower character and later period, obtained from an old Ross-shire Highlander, named John Ross, one of the last of the sword-players, who may yet be remembered by those who recollect the porters of Edinburgh twenty years ago. It is an inferior modern copy, bearing the stigmata of various barbarous hands, which have inflicted upon its pages divers attempts to transmit to posterity the names of a certain John and Marye Inglis, who have borne testimony to their familiarity with its leaves in the year 1721."—*Preface*, pp. iii.—v.

It is plain from this account that the only one of these three copies, which Mr. John Sobieski Stuart represents as of any actual authority, is that which he describes as enriched with Bishop Lesly's autograph—for he possesses only a transcript of that which belonged to the monastery of St. Augustine at Cadiz—and the third, derived from a late street-porter and sword-player of Edinburgh, he considers as a modern and inaccurate copy from an unknown original. As, therefore, the value of the Cadiz transcript, and that of the old chairman's MS., depend entirely on the value of their respective originals, which have not as yet been placed before the public, it is to the "*Vestiarium*" from the Douay MS., as set forth in the printed folio of 1842, that our attention must, on the present occasion, be confined.

Now, when a work like this is produced, bearing to be printed from a MS. 300 years old, but of which neither we nor any one else, so far as we know, had ever heard until it was brought forward by the contemporary editor, we open it with profound interest, certainly, but with the question constantly before our eyes—Is it genuine? Is this treatise of the antiquity to which it pretends? On examining the "*Vestiarium Scoticum*, vtherwise clippit The Garderope of Scotlonde," with this view, we find it to be written in the Lowland dialect, and to contain, first, a short disquisition on the nature of tartans generally, and the manner of preserving the sets or patterns. Then follow descriptions of the tartans of twenty-three clans, which are classed as "Ye chieff Hielande clannes." Then those of eleven, which are called "Ye lesser famylies or housis the quhilk be cum frae ye chieff houses and orygynale clannes." Then follow the tartans of "Ye low countrie pairtes and bordour clanns," thirty-nine in number. Then a paragraph "Of wemenis quhite pladis;" and another "of

hosen and treusen;" then a list of the badges of families; and lastly, a metrical address to the readers, by the author, "Schyr Richard Urquharde, knyght." Such is the "*Vestiarium Scoticum*," so far as regards its plan and contents; but to any one at all familiar with the state of feeling between the Highlanders and their Lowland neighbors, during the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries—and who remembers how constantly the former are stigmatized by the writers of those times as barbarians, if not as absolute savages—a treatise on clan-tartans and the Highland dress, alleged to have been written by a Lowland knight, in the middle of the sixteenth century, and preserved by a courtly and diplomatic bishop, wears a somewhat dubious aspect.* Nor, as respects Lesly, Bishop of Ross, in particular, do the admittedly authentic writings of that prelate afford any passage calculated to remove his lordship out of the category of suspicion. We are told, indeed, in Mr. John Sobieski Stuart's preface, that there is an entry, commemorating the receipt of the *Vestiarium*, in a diary of the bishop, "remaining among a portion of the Douay papers, in the possession of the late Mr. Robert Watson, well known in the history of the Stuart papers." It is known that the aged adventurer, Robert Watson, hanged himself in a London tavern in 1838; but Mr. John Sobieski Stuart does not say distinctly that he has himself seen the diary here mentioned as in Watson's possession—nor does he tell us where we may see it—and we have, therefore, no means of ascertaining whether it really exists and contains any entry of the sort thus indicated, or indeed whether any such diary ever existed at all. The bishop's great work, *De origine, moribus, et gestis Scotorum*, is dated in 1578, seven years only after the date of his alleged possession of the "*Vestiarium*." It contains a description of the Highland dress, which has been often quoted; yet not only is there in that description no allusion to the elaborate treatise of Sir Richard Urquhart possessed by him, nor to the existence of clan patterns at all; but he even uses an expression which we find it puzzling to reconcile with his alleged possession of the *Vestiarium*. His words are, "*Chlamydes enim gestabant unius formæ et nobiles et plebei, nisi quod nobiles variegatis sibi magis placebant*;" and as there can be little doubt that these variegated mantles were tartan, it would seem that he considered its use as a peculiar

fancy of the chiefs, which he could hardly have done had he possessed so distinct an exposition of an universal system as that now before us in the splendid pages edited by Mr. John Sobieski Stuart.

In the absence of direct evidence we have no resource but to search the printed text itself for internal indications of genuineness or the reverse; and in the course of this examination the doubts which the circumstances of the times and the existing writings of the bishop have suggested, are far indeed from being removed. At the very first glance the singularly quaint but piebald language and orthography of the text cannot fail to catch the eye. The style of the 16th century, however, is well known to every one at all conversant with Scottish documents, and upon that of the *Vestiarium* we fortunately possess the verdict of, perhaps, as competent a judge as the literary world has seen since the days of Bishop Lesly himself. We cannot find that the actual MS. "which belonged to the Douay college," and "contains the signature of the Bishop of Ross," has ever been exhibited to any learned society in the north, nor even to any individual scholar or antiquary unconnected with the present publication; but about twenty years ago, a description of the MS., with a transcript of part, at least, if not the whole of it, was sent to the society of Scottish antiquaries, with a request that they would patronize its publication; and by their secretary the specimen was placed in the hands of Sir Walter Scott, who kindly undertook to examine it, and gave the society the benefit of his opinion as to its authenticity. The secretary, accompanied by our informant, a reverend friend deeply versed in Highland lore, waited upon him shortly afterwards to ascertain the result of the scrutiny. Sir Walter assured them that the style and dialect of the specimen shown him were utterly false, a most feeble and clumsy imitation of the genuine writing of the period, and indignantly declared his conviction that the MS. itself must be an absolute fabrication. The extent of Sir Walter's acquaintance with such affairs, and his right to make such a declaration, *ex cathedra*, as to the mere language of the performance, very few of our readers will be inclined to question; but we believe that on a closer inspection the subject matter of it also will be found to exhibit unequivocal indications of an origin much more recent than the sixteenth, or indeed than any other century than the present one.

For example—among the lesser clans, whose tartans are given, we find "*Maknabbis cum of ye clandonald*." Now not only is this a mistake, the Macnabs being a branch of the Macgregors and entirely unconnected with the Macdonalds, but it is a mistake which did not arise till a full century after the alleged date of the *Vestiarium*. In the Gaelic MS. of the year 1450, in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, printed by the Iona club, the Macgregor descent of the Macnabs is stated, and it was familiarly known among the clans themselves as late as 1606, in which year Finlay Macnab, of Bo-vaine, executed a bond of manrent to Lauchlan Mackinnon of Strathardil, an acknowledged cadet of Macgregor, on the express ground that they were "come of one house, and of one surname and lineage." But in the later history of the Macdonalds, written in the time of Charles II., and printed by the Iona club, and again in Buchanan's *Scottish Surnames*, published in 1793, we find the descent of the Macnabs from the Macdonalds asserted—and

* A very curious letter in defence of the Highlanders, addressed by one John Elder to King Henry the Eighth of England, in the year 1542 or 1543, and printed for the Banatyne club by Mr. David Laing, refers to the very time when the "*Vestiarium*" is said to have been written. Elder informs the king that "Howbeit the babylonical busscheps and the great courtours of Scotland repute the forsaide Yrishe [that is, as the rest of the letter shows, Highland] Lordes as wilde, rude, and barbarous people, brought up, as they say, without lerninge and nourtour, yett they passe theame a greate deale in faithe, honestie, in policy and witt, in good ordour and civillitie; for wher the saide Yrishe Lordes promises faithe they keepe it truly, be holdinge up of ther foremost fyngar, and so will they not, with ther seals and subscripcions, the holy Evangel twichide. Therfor and pleas your highnes, like as the saide busscheps and ther adherentis repute us rude and barbarous people, even so do we este-me theame all, as they be, that is to say, fals, flatteringe, fraudulent, subtle, and covetous." Such being the state of matters in 1543, almost at the very time when the *Vestiarium* is said to have been written, we shall be excused if we demand decisive evidence before we receive as genuine a MS. on the clan tartans, written by one of the "great courtours," whose unfavorable estimate of his countrymen was so richly repaid by honest John Elder, and preserved by one of the "Babylonical busscheps," whom he considered as not less hostile.

it is this later story, not the earlier and genuine one, that is adopted in the treatise said to have been possessed by Bishop Lesly in A. D. 1571.

In the same roll of clans we have the "Clan-hiunla, or Farquharsonnes." This term, "Clan-hiunla," is an attempt to express the sound of the Gaelic name of the Farquharsons, *Clan Fhionnlaidh*, or descendants of Finlay. But they derive this appellation, as is well known, from Finlay More, a great chief of their race who fought in person at the battle of Pinkie in 1547, and whose son and successor survived the year 1571. It is manifestly impossible that the name Clan Finlay can have been in use during the lifetime of Finlay, or until his descendants had multiplied to a considerable extent; yet the *Vestiarium* is vouched to have been written at latest in Finlay's time, and to have been in the hands of Bishop Lesly in the time of his son.

Again—we have in the *Vestiarium*, "Clangun quhilk cumeth of ye clan odovine." Clan Odovine, as is acknowledged in a previous part of the treatise, is the same as Clan Campbell, yet in the middle of the sixteenth century, the very date assigned to the *Vestiarium*, Sir Donald Monro, Dean of the Isles, gives the tradition of his time that the Clan Gun are descended of one of three Danish brothers, the other two of whom were the ancestors of the Mac Leods and the Rosses, and of course entirely unconnected with the Campbells.

Again—in the chapter "Of hosen and treusen," there is mention of "ye Lairde of Clunie hys countrie, and ither northe parties." This can hardly allude to any laird but Macpherson of Cluny, yet the chiefs of the Macphersons were not Lairds of Cluny till after the year 1638, prior to which time they held Cluny on a wadset from Lord Huntley, and when designed from their lands were styled Macpherson of Grange.

And again—in the roll of lesser clans, in the *Vestiarium* as now before us (p. 87,) we find "Makytosche quha is cum of ye clan Chattane." To understand fully the bearing of this entry on the authenticity of the *Vestiarium*, it is necessary that we should explain that the families of Shaw and Farquharson have been at all times recognized as cadets of Mackintosh, and that, for at least two hundred years previous to 1837, Mackintosh had been universally believed to be descended from the Macduffs, the ancient Earls of Fife. In that year, 1837, was published "The Highlanders of Scotland, by William F. Skene," being the essay which had carried off the prize offered by the Highland Society of London for the best history of the Highlands. The appearance of this work may fairly be considered as forming an era in Highland history. Instead of following the track of his predecessors, and attempting to supply the acknowledged deficiency of Scottish historical monuments, either by hasty conjectures or arbitrary inferences, or from confused and fluctuating traditions, Mr. Skene resorted at once to the records of the two nations who alone maintained an intercourse, comparatively intimate, with the north of Scotland; and from the authentic annals of the Irish monasteries, and the Sagas of the Northmen, he extracted a mass of information not less important than unexpected. Whilst it is from these authorities chiefly that Mr. Skene has drawn the historical portion of his work—detailing the fortunes of the Highlanders in a clear and lucid narrative from the earliest times to the termination of their existence as a peculiar people—his investigation of the descent of the individual clans is charac-

terized by extensive research in family records, both public and private, and judicious selection of materials. In this work, for the first time, doubts were cast upon the alleged Macduff descent of the Mackintoshes, and strong reasons urged for considering them as a branch of the Clan Chattan.

Now it happens that some time prior to the publication of Mr. Skene's book, a *transcript* of the "Douay MS." had been obtained by a gentleman in the north of Scotland, and shown by him to many of his friends, some of whom took notes of its contents. In this *transcript* Mackintosh was stated, in conformity with the then current belief, to be "cum of ye clann Makduff," whilst in the printed text of 1842, Mackintosh is stated, in conformity with Mr. Skene's work of 1837, to be "cum of ye clann Chattane." This fact alone is sufficient to show that a part of the MS. has been altered within the last ten years; but all possibility of doubt is removed by the circumstance that next after the Mackintoshes stand the Farquharsons, of whom it is said (p. 88) that they are "lyk as Makytosche cum of ye clann Macduffe alswa," thus rendering it manifest beyond contradiction that the very copy from which the text is now printed, originally bore the Macduff descent of Mackintosh, but has been recently altered to suit Mr. Skene's discoveries, without adverting to the inconsistency thus produced with the statement in the section devoted to the Farquharsons. Finally, in the list of badges which closes the *Vestiarium*, where the names of the clans are closer, and catch the eye together, (p. 105,) Clan Chattan descent is given not only to the Mackintoshes, but to the Farquharsons and Shaws also—"all thir names be cum of ye Clan Chattan!"—another flat contradiction of what is said concerning the Farquharsons, where they are separately treated of, in the body of the work.

We have to apologize for having entered into these genealogical details, but as the *Vestiarium* treats principally of the Highland clans, it was impossible to avoid them in stating the reasons which induce us to acquiesce most entirely in the decision of Sir Walter Scott, and to declare our conviction that this pretended MS. of the sixteenth century is an absolute fabrication, and of no authority whatever.

If we are asked to indicate the parent of this fabrication, we answer at once, we have neither the means nor the inclination to do so. It is far from our present intention to cast any such imputation on the editor himself, and as he has not told us from whom he got either the Bishop of Ross' MS., or the transcript from the Monastery of St. Augustine, we have no means of pursuing the investigation further. Nor does it appear to us a matter of any consequence. We are satisfied with the verdict returned in the recent trial of the claimant of a Scottish earldom for the fabrication of a document in support of his claim, in which the jury found it *proven that the document in question was forged, but no sufficient evidence by whom said forgery had been committed*. It matters little to the public who was the perpetrator of the present forgery. It may have been "the late Mr. Robert Walker," who is so ready with an entry from "the Bishop's Diary" in its support—a "diary" which, like Mr. Sobieski Stuart's MS. itself, formed "part of the Douay papers." It may have been the defunct porter of Auld Reekie, John Ross, from whom one of the copies is said to have been procured. And apropos of this latter possibility, we would recommend Mr. Sobieski Stuart to look again at his original MS.,

and consider whether what he has taken for the signature of the well-known bishop, John of Ross, be not in fact a quaint attempt of his friend the sword-player to write his own name in old hand, after practising upon the fever and ague notice which accompanies it.

We understand, however, that Sir Walter Scott was led by one marking feature in the "*Vestiarium Scoticum, otherwise the Garderobe of Scotlande*," to suspect that information as to its origin might be obtained in a less romantic site than the cabin of a Cowgate porter—even behind the counter of one of the great clan-tartan warehouses which used to illuminate the principal thoroughfares of Edinburgh. The whole composition betrays a desire to multiply, to the utmost, new and splendid patterns, which appeared to him to smack strongly of such a locality. This visible anxiety has even led the author to the singular and original expedient of assigning tartans to the great houses and tribes of the border, as well as to those of the Highlands. To any one who recollects what minute details we have in the printed letters of Englishmen of the middle ages as to the manners of the Scottish borderers, with whom they were constantly warring or negotiating—to any one who considers what a mass of ballad poetry has come down to us from the times when the clans of the mostroopers were as distinct as those of the Gael; how frequent, both in the correspondence and the ballads, are the allusions to the slogans and other distinctive peculiarities of the great families of the frontier, and how complete is the absence of any reference to patterns of tartan, this idea must appear an unparalleled absurdity, and of itself a sufficient indication of forgery. We can picture the contempt that clouded the brow of the editor of the Sadler Papers and the Border Minstrelsy when, on opening the *transcript* of the "Douay MS." at the request of the Antiquarian Society, his eye lit on the tartans of Douglas, and Scott, and Kerr, and Cranstoun, which must have been to him as new and as strange as the *sets* of the Percies, the Cliffords, and the Lowthers. We have heard that his last words to the deputation were—"Well, I think the *march* of the next rising must be not *Hey tuttie tattie*, but *The Devil among the Tailors*!"

Adopting *in toto* Sir Walter's decision as to the recent, and in part his suspicion as to the undignified origin of the complicated system of clan-tartans, clumsily described in the text, and gorgeously exemplified in the plates of the *Vestiarium*, (price ten guineas!) we must not withhold our approbation of the industry shown in Mr. Sobieski Stuart's preface to his regal folio. He has accumulated in that *hors d'œuvre* many curious notices about the old Highland garb which had escaped former commentators; and, indeed, between Mr. Skene's book and his preface, we believe the materials for its history may now be considered as exhausted. But, notwithstanding all the zeal and labor bestowed on the preface, it fails to produce the slightest shadow of evidence in favor of the fundamental principle even, to say nothing of the details, of the system of *patterns* and *sets* in the primeval formulary from Douay.

With the real history of clan-tartans, however, we have no immediate business—and there is metal more attractive in another of the publications before us. The modern Highlander, to render him a worthy representative of the hero of Prestonpans, must have more than the Gaelic, which he never lost, and the nicely diversified plaids wherewith "the Douay MS." would reinvest him. It is as impossible

to picture a true Highlander without the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of his devoted loyalty, as to imagine a knight-errant without the peerless Dulcinea of his affections; and it will no doubt rejoice many of our sympathizing readers to learn that even this hitherto hopeless defect is no more to be rashly pronounced irremediable.

The "Tales of the Century" are three in number, and in form unconnected; but the most cursory glance will suffice to show that they constitute in fact a consecutive series, and regard the birth, the youth, and the marriage of the same individual, who generally appears under the Gaelic denomination of the "Iolair Dhearg," or *Red Eagle*.

The first of the tales is entitled "The Picture;" and at its very opening we find a young gentleman, styled Macdonell of Glendulochan, paying his first visit, A. D. 1831, in a quiet street of Westminster, to a certain venerable relic of the '45, by name Doctor Beaton. After much talk and some pressing, this aged physician reveals to his youthful visitor a secret of great pith and moment:—

"'I promised—I swore,' said he at length, 'not to reveal it, unless in the service of my king. The secret is going down—it must not die with me. It is for his service that it should live. I will reveal it to you—that the last of the Gael may have one left to keep that mysterious hope. THEY HAVE YET A KING.'"—*Tales, &c.*, p. 19.

After describing the Convent of St. Rosalie on the road from Parma to Florence, the doctor thus proceeds:—

"As I passed through Italy in 1773, I remained for some days in its vicinity, with a lingering fascination which prevented me from leaving the neighborhood where the king and queen had spent some weeks in profound retirement, on account of her majesty's infirm health. I often walked for hours in the deep, quiet shades of St. Rosalie, ruminating upon my distant country, our past events, and those coming fortunes yet unknown. One evening, it was near sunset, as I walked in the avenue, plunged in profound thought, I was roused by the sudden and rapid sound of wheels, and immediately a calash and four, with scarlet liveries, turned into the alley and came whirling along the broad drive at full speed. As it approached, I observed that it contained a gentleman and lady; and in the momentary glance, as it went past, I recognized the prince! I knew him at once; for though changed with years and care he was still himself, and though no longer 'The Bonnie Prince Charlie' of our faithful beau-ideal, still the same eagle-featured, royal bird, which I had seen on his own mountains, when he spread his wings towards the south. In that brief moment, a world of visionary came by; the star on his breast, the keen glance of his eye, the beautiful golden hair, the 'blind-fair face,' and lofty forehead—and once more I felt the thrilling talismanic influence of his appearance, the sight so dear, so deeply-rooted in the hearts of the Highlanders, *Tearlach Rìgh nan Gael*." [*Anglicè* Charles, King of the Gael.]

The same afternoon the doctor was walking in the church of St. Rosalie:—

"I was roused from my reverie by a heavy step, and the gingle of spurs upon the pavement; and looking towards the porch, saw a tall man of superior appearance advancing up the cloister. His dress, however, was a little equivocal, and not altogether in accordance with his demeanor; and as the faint light glanced beneath his broad hat upon his stern pale cheek, piercing eye, and thick moustache,

a sudden idea of the celebrated Torrifino crossed my imagination. He stopped before me, and with a slight salutation hastily demanded, 'E ella il Signor Dottor Betoni 'Scozzese?' I looked at him for a moment before I answered that I was; but as soon as he had heard my reply, he requested me to give my assistance to 'one in need of immediate attendance.' I was astonished at this demand, as I had no idea that my profession was known, except at the Palazzo. I made some hesitation and inquiry concerning the nature of the required service. 'The relief of the malady, and not the circumstances of the patient, is the province of a physician,' replied the stranger; 'and for the present occasion, you will best learn by an inspection of the individual.' I mused for a moment; but at last, 'Show me the way,' said I. 'My carriage waits in the avenue,' replied the stranger; 'but I must beg your excuse for what may seem an unpardonable restraint. There is occasion for such inviolable secrecy as to the circumstances of your visit, that it will be necessary for the blinds of the vetturin to be closed, and that your eyes should be covered when you are introduced into the house of your patient.' 'No,' I replied hastily, 'certainly not; I must request you to resort to any other than a Scottish gentleman if you would procure an accessory to actions which require such concealment.' 'Signor,' exclaimed the stranger, 'I respect your doubts; by one word I could dispel them; but it is a secret which would be embarrassing to the possessor. It concerns the interest and safety of one—the most illustrious and unfortunate of the Scottish Jacobites.' 'What! whom?' I exclaimed. 'I can say no more,' replied the stranger; 'but if you would venture any service for one who was once the dearest to your country and your cause, follow me.' 'Let us go,' said I; and hurried towards the door."—p. 21.

The doctor is blindfolded and conveyed, partly by land and partly by water, to a house which he entered through a garden.

"We proceeded through a long range of apartments, when suddenly my guide stopped; and removing my mask, I looked round upon a splendid saloon hung with crimson-velvet, and blazing with mirrors which reached from the ceiling to the floor; at the further extremity a pair of folding-doors stood open, and showed the dim perspective of a long conservatory. My conductor rang a silver bell which stood on the table, and a little page, richly dressed in scarlet, ran into the room and spoke eagerly in German to my conductor. The dark countenance of the cavalier glowed suddenly, and giving some hasty command to the page, 'Signor Dottore,' said he, as he quitted the saloon, 'the most important part of your occasion is past. The lady whom you have been unhappily called to attend, met with an alarming accident in her carriage, not half an hour before I found you in the church, and the unlucky absence of her physician leaves her entirely under your charge. Her accouchement is over, apparently without any result more than exhaustion; but of that you will be the judge.'

"At the mention of the carriage and the accident, the calash which had passed me at such speed in the avenue of St. Rosalie, flashed upon my mind; but, before I could make any remark the page entered the room, and speaking briefly to the cavalier, 'Signor,' said the latter, 'they await you; and, preceded by the page, he conducted me through a splendid suite of apartments, till we came to a small ante-room, decorated with several portraits, among which my transient glance instantly recognized one

of the Duke of Perth, and another of King James VIII. The page crossed the room on his tiptoes, and gently opening the door at the opposite extremity, as I passed, it closed softly behind me, and I found myself alone in a magnificent bedchamber. The still solitary light of a single taper shed a dim glimmer through the apartment, and upon the curtains of a tall crimson bed, which stood beyond. But I had scarce glanced around me, when the rustle of drapery called my attention to the couch, and a lady stepped from the shadow, and saluting me in English, conducted me towards the bed. The curtains were almost closed, and by the side stood a female attendant holding an infant enveloped in a mantle; and as she retired, the lady drew aside the curtains, and by the faint light which fell within the bed I imperfectly distinguished the pale features of a delicate face, which lay wan and languid, almost enveloped in the down pillow. The shadow of the curtains gave but a faint trace of the countenance; but a single beam of the taper glanced upon the dark-blue counterpane, and shone across a slender arm and hand which lay upon the velvet, still, and pale, and passive as an alabaster model. The lady spoke a few words in German, at which the patient slowly raised her large eyes, and endeavored to lift her hand towards me. It was cold as marble; and as I held my fingers on the pulse, they could scarce feel the low intermitting throb. For many minutes I vainly endeavored to count the vibrations, while the lady in waiting stood motionless beside me, her eyes fixed intently on my face. 'If you will give me leave,' said I, endeavoring to suppress any indication of the danger to which I was sensible, 'I will write a prescription, for which no time should be lost.'

"The lady conducted me in silence to a writing cabinet, on which she placed the taper, and retired to the couch. In momentary reflection I glanced accidentally on the toilet which stood beside me. The light of the taper shone full upon a number of jewels, which lay loosely intermixed among the scent-bottles, as if put off in haste and confusion; but what was my surprise to recognize an exquisite miniature of my noble, my unfortunate, my exiled prince, Charles Edward! For some moments I sat with my pen motionless in my hand, and my eyes fixed upon the painting. It was suspended from a rich diamond necklace, and represented the prince in the very dress, the look, with which I had seen him ride into the field of Culloden. Overcome with the recollection, I gazed upon it till the features swam away in an indistinct glimmer of tears. An approaching step roused me to recollection, and hastily passing my hand over my eyes, I began to write as the lady approached the toilet, and, as if looking for some object among the ornaments, placed herself between me and the table. It was but an instant, and she retired; but when I glanced again to the jewels—the face of the miniature was turned."

—p. 29.

The doctor is rather unceremoniously dismissed from the house, in the same mysterious manner as he had been brought to it, but not until he had sworn on the crucifix "never to speak of what he had seen, heard, or thought, that night, *unless it should be in the service of his king—King Charles.*" (p. 41.) He is further required to leave Tuscany the same night, to which he agrees, and proceeds accordingly to a seaport, in the neighborhood of which, on the third evening after his arrival, another scene of deep interest takes place. Walking at sunset, the doctor's attention is attracted by the

sight of an English frigate lying-to at a short distance. He is informed that the vessel is the *Albina*, Commodore O'Haleran. The doctor lingers on the beach till the moon has risen, and when at last about to retire, he is arrested by the approach of a horseman, followed by a small close carriage.

"The horseman and the carriage passed scarce a pike's length from the place where I lay; but what was my astonishment when, at the moonlight fell through the trees on the group, I thought I recognized the figure of my mysterious guide from St. Rosalie!

"I lay breathless with amazement, and as the cavalier turned the rock, the broad moon shone bright on his face, and showed distinctly the pale, stern features so deeply imprinted on my memory. The little party stopped full in the moonlight near the margin of the water, and the cavalier having glanced hastily round, blew a loud, shrill whistle. The echo had scarce died away along the cliff, when the long, black shadow of a man-of-war's galley shot from behind the reef of rocks on the western entrance to the creek. She pulled straight for the spot where the vetturin stood, and in a few moments I saw her stern brought round to the sand, and all her oars fly up into the moonlight. The cavalier had already alighted, and opening the door of the carriage, lifted down a lady closely muffled in a white mantle. As she descended I observed that she bore in her arms some object which she held with great solicitude, and, at the same time, an officer leaped from the boat, and hastened towards the travellers. By the glimmer of the moonlight upon his shoulders, I saw that he wore double epaulettes, and making a brief but profound salute towards the lady, he conducted her towards the galley.

"As they approached, the lady unfolded her mantle and turning to the cavalier, I heard the faint cry of an infant, and distinguished for a moment the glisten of a little white mantle and cap, as she laid her charge in the arms of her companion. The officer immediately lifted her into the boat, and as soon as she was seated, the cavalier delivered to her the child, and folding it carefully in her cloak, I heard her half-suppressed voice lulling the infant from its disturbance. A brief word and a momentary grasp of the hand passed between the lady and the cavalier, and the officer, lifting his hat, the boat pushed off, the oars fell in the water, and the galley glided down the creek with a velocity which soon rendered her but a shadow in the gray tide. In a few minutes I lost sight of her altogether; but I still distinguished the faint measured splash of the oars and the feeble wail of the infant's voice float along the still water.

"For some moments I thought I had seen the last of the little bark, which seemed to venture like an enchanted skiff into that world of black waters. But suddenly I caught a glimpse of the narrow boat, and the dark figures of the men, gliding across the bright stream of moonlight upon the tide; an instant after a faint gleam blinked on the white mantle of the lady and the sparkle of the oars; but it died away by degrees, and neither sound nor sight returned again.

"For more than a quarter of an hour the tall, black figure of the cavalier continued fixed upon the same spot, and in the same attitude; but suddenly the broad gigantic figure of the frigate swung round in the moonshine, her sails filled to the breeze, and, dimly brightening in the light, she bore off

slow and still and stately towards the west."—p. 59.

In the next tale, entitled "*The Red Eagle*," we are introduced to the Highlands at a later period, where our acquaintance MacDonell of Glenduloch-an happens to have his curiosity excited by odd stories about a certain mysterious stranger, who had arrived in those parts "in a great king's ship," and had hired for a temporary residence "the grand auld house of Dundarach." Glenduloch-an is conversing on the subject with a hoary herdsman:—

"Does he wear the Highland dress?" said I.

"Ou ye never seed the like, except Glengarve," replied Alaister.

"And what did you call him?" said I.

"The folk call him *Iolair Dhearg*, the Red Eagle, for his red tartan and the look o' ee, that was never in the head o' man nor bird, but the eagle and Prince Charlie. But Muster Robison, the post-mister in Port Michael, says his name is Captain O'Haleran, and that he is son to ane great admiral in the suthe enew; but I dinna think it; for the auld French bodie his servant, ca's him whiles Munsenur, and Halt's Rile, [*Altesse Royale*], 'and a poor o' names that I canna mind.'

"But O'Haleran is not a Highland name," said I.

"'Feint a bit o't,' exclaimed Alaister; 'but ye greit folk tak what names ye will when ye're traevling.'"—p. 113.

Of the "auld Admiral O'Halaren" we are told that the reason of his bearing such a "lang auld farand Ireland name" was that his father "was married upon a lassie out of yon country wi' a muckle tocher, and sine he tuke her name, though he himself should be Yearl of Strathgowrie."—p. 119.

In the sequel of the same tale, we have the *Iolair Dhearg* introduced to a very aged Highland chief who, being much in the state of the *Père Turhututu* of the Vaudeville, mistakes him for Prince Charles himself, and tells his "royal highness" that the last time he saw him was "on the morning of Culloden."

In the last of the tales, which is called "*The Wolf's Den*," we have the marriage of the *Iolair* to an English lady, by name Catharine Bruce; and in the course of this tale he is expressly addressed as "my prince," by the Chevalier Grème, chamberlain to the Countess d'Albanie. The date of the marriage is not exactly given; for although the *Iolair* is represented as having, in the summer of 1790, rescued this lady, to whom he had been previously attached, from the hands of smugglers, and carried her off towards Berwick, yet here the tale rather abruptly stops. It is mentioned that they were married, but this statement is separated from the previous account by an indefinite gap, which affords us no further indication of time than that the marriage of the *Iolair* must have been subsequent to the adventure of 1790.

We have given unusually long extracts—for we were resolved to place the whole story before our readers in the author's own language. Its import is plainly this—that Charles Edward had in 1773 by his wife, the Princess Louisa of Stolberg Guedern, a son, whose birth was kept secret; who was carried privately on board an English frigate, the commander of which, Commodore, afterwards Admiral O'Haleran, *de jure* Earl of Strathgowrie, brought up the child as his own son, and under his

own name;—that this scion of royalty afterwards appeared on board of a man-of-war among the western isles of Scotland—was married to an English lady—and was still alive in 1831. In short, we are constrained to believe that although the appearance of incognito has been maintained by adopting false names, the authors of the tales have had a serious object in view, and intend us to receive it as a fact that the direct line of the house of Stuart still survives in the person of this hitherto invisible Iolair Dhearg—or, if he be dead since 1831, of the offspring of his marriage—which marriage occurred soon after 1790.

The date on the title-page of these tales by no means marks the time when a story of the drift above sketched first came into circulation. For twenty years past a rumor of this kind has been current in Scotland, which with ever-increasing distinctness identifies the officer in the naval service of George III., who carried off, and brought up, the son of Charles Edward, with a certain Admiral Allen—whose name is in the obituary of the "Gentleman's Magazine" for October, 1800—thus: "Oct. 2. At his house in Devonshire Place, John Carter Allen, Esq., Admiral of the White." In the succeeding number appears this letter:—

"Nov. 20.

"MR. URBAN,

"As your obituary is superior to everything of the kind, and affords your readers many agreeable anecdotes of families, I send you a few of the late Admiral Allen, who was mentioned in your last, p. 1010. He was not only related to the Marchioness of Salisbury and Marquis of Downshire, but Lord Hillsborough gave it as his opinion that the title of Errol belonged to him, as being descended from the old Earl Hay in the male line. He was brought up at Westminster school with the late Lord Keppel, from which an intimacy was formed; and he fought with him several times, particularly in the engagement called unfortunately Lee-shore; when, from his active spirit, he so far engaged the enemy, that, from mistake, he was fired upon by his friend, which, on Lord Keppel's trial, was brought to prove that the fleet was all confusion. Likewise when Lord Howe went to relieve Gibraltar, Capt. Allen, in the Royal William, led the van and helped to drive the French and Spanish fleets before them. He was connected with, and favored by, the Rockingham party, and in great friendship with Admiral Barrington and Admiral Lord Hotham. After the marquis' death, though he was not called to actual service, his majesty was pleased to promote him to the highest rank in the navy as Admiral of the White. He married to his first wife, a lady with a large fortune, which principally descends to Mr. Hatch; and, after her decease, he married an amiable lady, whose extensive estates are in Jamaica. Having particularly desired to be buried in his family vault at Hackney, built about 200 years ago by Sir Thomas Rowe, lord mayor, who left something annually for its support, the Marquis of Downshire was applied to for the key, who represented that the vault and chapel over it were in too ruinous a state at present, from the removal of the old church, which has so damaged them as to occasion a dispute between him and Lord A., the lord of the manor, and where the corpse is deposited till the vault is re-

Yours, &c.,

"WM. SCOTT."

ing in the district of Gowrie, no one can

now fail to recognize in this account of Admiral Carter Allen, who ought to have been Earl of Errol, the prototype of Admiral O'Halaran, who ought to have been Earl of Strathgowrie.

On the 11th of February, 1800, Admiral Allen made his will, which may be seen at Doctors' Commons. In it he mentions two sons, "Captain John Allen of his majesty's navy" and "Lieutenant Thomas Allen of his majesty's navy." The latter of these gentlemen, Thomas Allen, was married in 1792. The parish register of Godalming, in Surrey, contains this entry:—

"Thomas Allen of the parish of Egham, bachelor, and Katharine Matilda Manning of this parish, spinster, were married in this church by license this second day of October, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two, by me,

"OWEN MANNING, Vicar.

"This marriage was solemnized between us, { THOMAS ALLEN.
KATHARINE MATILDA
MANNING.

"In the presence of { JANE MANNING.
ANNE MANNING."

And the same event appears in the list of marriages in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for October, 1792, thus:—

"Oct. 2.—Mr. Allen, third lieutenant in the navy, and son of Admiral Allen, to Miss Catharine Manning, second daughter of the Rev. Mr. Owen Manning, vicar of Godalming."

In this gentleman, Lieutenant Thomas Allen, we believe the prototype of the *Iolair Dhearg* may be as certainly recognized, as was that of his reputed father, Admiral O'Halaran in Admiral Carter Allen. The Iolair calls himself captain, and is seen in connection with a man-of-war, and displaying remarkable powers of seamanship during a storm among the Hebrides; Thomas Allen was a lieutenant in the navy. The Iolair passed for the son of Admiral O'Halaran; Thomas Allen for the son of Admiral Carter Allen. The Iolair married Catherine Bruce some time after the summer of 1790; Thomas Allen married Catherine Manning in 1792. Nay, if we mistake not, circumstances which are related of the Iolair in connection with his marriage have left consequences traceable in the history of Lieutenant Allen. The tale of the "Wolf's Den" is entirely occupied with the endeavors of Admiral O'Halaran and the Chevalier Græme, already known to us as the guide of Dr. Beaton from St. Rosalie, to prevent the Iolair from injuring the prospects of his house by such a *mésalliance* as they considered his union with Catharine Bruce would be; and we have a scene in which the royal birth of the Iolair is spoken of without concealment, and in which the admiral implores his "foster-son" with tears in his eyes not to break by such a marriage the last hope that was withering on his father's foreign tomb, (p. 194.) The Iolair, however, was inexorable. Now on looking to Admiral Allen's will, we see that while he left his son John £2200, he left Thomas only £100, from which it appears but a fair inference that Thomas had in fact incurred the admiral's displeasure by some such circumstance as an imprudent marriage. But further. Thomas Allen had two sons, of whom the elder published a volume of poetry in 1822, to which he put his name as "John Hay Allan, Esq.," while the marriage of the other appears in the number of Blackwood's Magazine for November, 1822, thus: "October 9, at London, Charles Stuart, youngest son of

Thomas Hay Allan, Esq., of Hay, to Ann, daughter of the late Right Hon. John Beresford, M. P. for the county of Waterford." The introduction of the name "Hay" before "Allan," and the designation "of Hay," are easily explained by Admiral Allen's claims to the earldom of Errol. The change in the spelling of the name from "Allen" to "Allan" appears to have been adopted in consequence of the removal of the family from England, where the former mode is prevalent, to Scotland, where the latter is the usual form. These two gentlemen, who called themselves in 1822 John Hay Allan and Charles Stuart Hay Allan, have now placed their names on the title-pages of the "Vestiarium" and of the "Tales of the Century" as John Sobieski Stuart and Charles Edward Stuart, and we cannot hesitate to understand this assumption of names, both of which bear so plain a reference to the exiled family, as a declaration that the history given in the "Tales of the Century" is in fact that of their own family, and that their father, although the reputed son of Admiral Allen, was in reality the legitimate son of Prince Charles Edward Stuart. Now this is a serious matter. We are far from wishing to curb in any way the fancy of our historical novelists, or to examine too closely the actual existence of every knight or noble whom a writer of that class may present to us as achieving mighty deeds in the train of Philip Augustus or of Pedro the Cruel, but when we are told that a legitimate son of Charles Edward Stuart was alive as late as 1831, and that two of his sons are writing or editing books in 1846, the truth or falsehood of such a statement concerns the history of our own time and country much too nearly to be so lightly disposed of.

The notices which we lately collected (without the slightest reference to this story) concerning the last of the Stuart family in Italy, (Q. R., No. 157,) may perhaps be thought to have rendered any further examination of the facts needless; but since we have taken up the question, let it be settled. The authors of the "Tales of the Century" distinctly ascribe the concealment of the birth of the lawful son of Charles Edward to the fear of assassination by emissaries of the Hanoverian family; but, passing over this egregious motive, *could* such a concealment have been effected! Where were the attendants on the Princess Louisa and the other inmates of the villa where the birth is said to have taken place? The little page in scarlet who conducted the doctor to the chamber of his patient! Is it conceivable that such an event could have escaped their eyes at the time, or their gossiping propensities afterwards! Different indeed must they have been from the generality of the attendants of royalty, if any restraint whatever could prevent their repeating not only all that did happen, but a good deal besides. Then the embarkation of the infant on board the frigate. Where were the officers and crew! Was curiosity extinct among them as to all this mystery! Nay, even the participants in the secret, Dr. Beaton and his mysterious guide of St. Rosalie, and others who like them had sworn not to reveal the fact except for *the king's service*; the French servant of the *lolaire*, who seems to have addressed him as *Monsieur* and *Altesse Royale*, without much consideration for his hearers, &c., &c.—were none of them treacherous, not one of them injudicious! In one word, had such an event ever taken place, is it possible that it could have remained a secret!

We know that from the time when Charles

Edward left Scotland in 1746 till his death in 1788, he was the object of the constant attention of the British government. The envoys at Paris, at Leghorn, at Florence, and at Rome, kept watch upon him day and night, and reported to the secretary of state every circumstance they could ascertain of his domestic life. Their despatches on this subject form several bulky volumes in the State Paper Office; and the selections from them printed for the Roxburghe Club are quite sufficient to establish the perfection of the system of espionage. More especially, from the date of his father's death in 1766, when Charles Edward settled in Italy, he was subject to the constant surveillance of the acute, indefatigable Sir Horace Mann, (the correspondent of Horace Walpole,) who held the office of envoy at Florence for no less than forty-six years—from 1740 to 1786. From his despatches, during the period in question, Lord Mahon has selected upwards of eighty, from which it appears most clearly that he was not overrating either his zeal or his opportunities when he wrote from Florence, on the 26th September, 1775: "In the course of my letters since the Pretender's residence here, I have informed your lordship of everything that related to him that I judged worthy of your lordship's notice, of which I have the most authentic means of being informed." Not only does it appear that he was in constant communication with the *physicians* who attended the object of his watch, and with several of his associates, but it is evident, from the many anecdotes of Charles Edward's most private life which he details, and which are clearly verified by circumstances mentioned in subsequent letters, that he must have had his information from day to day, and from those immediately about the prince's person.

It is in the face of such a surveillance as this, that the adventure of Dr. Beaton is said to have occurred in 1773, the year after Charles' marriage. In the end of that year Sir Horace thus shows his familiarity with the state of matters in his household:—

"FLORENCE, DEC. 11th, 1773.

"For some time after his marriage, he abstained from any great excess in wine, but of late he has given into it again as much as ever; so that he is seldom quite sober, and frequently commits the greatest disorders in his family. This behavior had made Mr. Carol, the principal person about him, whom they call Lord Carol, take a resolution to leave him entirely, but Cardinal York has induced him to defer his departure at least for some little time longer."

From this it is evident that Sir Horace had information from within the household of Charles Edward of the state of matters there since his marriage; and that his attention had been turned, as it most naturally would, to the very point in question further appears from a letter dated upwards of a year previously:—

"As I have lately observed an article in the English newspapers which asserts that Cardinal York was dead, and that his sister-in-law is with child, I think it my duty to acquaint your lordship that both these circumstances are false."—Sept. 22, 1772.

This story, which he had seen in the English papers, is the only allusion to such a prospect that occurs in the whole course of Sir Horace's despatches; and when we observe the number of singular anecdotes of the private life of Charles Edward and his consort which had come to the

envoy's knowledge, and how evidently they were all along surrounded by spies, both within their family and beyond it, it is absolutely incredible that such an event as the birth of the only hope of the house of Stuart—for Cardinal York's priestly character extinguished all such expectations from him—could have taken place without the slightest rumor of it having transpired.

Our readers will pardon us for recurring once more to the conduct of the exiled family after the marriage of Louisa of Stolberg. That alliance, as is universally known, proved eminently unhappy, and the differences between her and her consort gradually increased until the latter part of the year 1780, when she entirely withdrew herself from him. For four years after this period he lived alone, and when, in 1784, his advancing age—he was then sixty-four—and the prospect of increasing infirmities rendered the tenderness and unwearied devotion of a child especially desirable for him, the measures adopted by him are equally notorious. Had a son been born to him in 1773, he must then have been eleven years of age yet we hear nothing of any son, and it is to Charlotte Stuart, his daughter by Miss Walkenshaw, that he looks for the support of his declining years. In the month of July, 1784, he executes a deed with all the necessary forms, legitimating this person, and bestowing upon her the title of Albany, by which he had himself been known for fourteen years, with the rank of duchess. To legitimate his natural daughter, and give her the reversion of his own title, was certainly not very like the act of a man who had a lawful son in existence. But furthermore, in this same year 1784, he executed his will, by which, with the exception of a legacy to his brother the cardinal and annuities to a few of his attendants, he left all he possessed to the Duchess of Albany—his palace at Florence with all its rich furniture, all his plate and jewels, including not only those brought into the family by his mother the Princess Clementina Sobieski—(among which were two rubies of great value which had been pledged with her father by the republic of Poland, and a large shield of gold presented to the heroic John Sobieski, King of Poland, by the Emperor Leopold after the siege of Vienna)—but also such of the crown-jewels of England as had been conveyed to the continent by James II. Is it conceivable that, if Charles Edward had had a legitimate son, he would thus have alienated from him not only his Italian residence, and the Polish jewels which he had inherited from his mother—one of which, as appears from a letter of Sir Horace Mann, dated November 8th, 1783, he intended to add to the crown-jewels—but even the ancient crown-jewels of England, which he himself possessed only in virtue of those royal claims which he would thus hand down to a disinherited son?

The Duchess of Albany survived her father not quite two years, but even during that short period her actions demonstrate her entire ignorance that he had left any other male heir than his brother. Shortly after the death of Charles Edward, she sent to the Cardinal York the whole of the crown-jewels; and at her death she left him the whole of her property, with the exception of an annuity to her mother, Miss Walkenshaw, who for some time survived her, and who bore among the Jacobites the title of Countess Alberstroff.

One glance at the subsequent history of the Princess Louisa of Stolberg, the alleged mother of this mysterious infant. Her separation from her hus-

band had been mainly brought about through the assistance of the poet Alfieri, with whom she continued on the most intimate terms. It is uncertain whether she was ever married to him, but, at his death, the income which the kindness of Cardinal York had secured to her on her separation from his brother was further increased by her lover's bequest of his whole property. Alfieri's place in her affections then devolved upon a Frenchman, named Fabre, to whom also it has been said that she was married. She survived till 1824, when her alleged son must have been in his fifty-first year, yet, at her death, her whole property, including the seal and the portrait of Charles Edward, and some other memorials of that alliance, she bequeathed to her last admirer, Fabre; who in his turn bequeathed those Stuart relics to their present possessor, Signor Santirelli, a sculptor of Florence.

The proceedings of the Cardinal of York are equally conclusive. The gentle and amiable disposition of this survivor might have led to the expectation that his rights, as a member of the royal house of Stuart, would have been merged by him in his character as a dignified ecclesiastic. But such was not the case; for no sooner was his brother dead than he immediately adopted all the form and etiquette usual in the residence of a reigning monarch, and insisted on its observance not only by his own attendants but by his visitors.* He published protests asserting his right to the British crown, and caused medals to be struck, bearing his head, with the inscriptions "*Henricus Nonus Angliæ Rex*," and "*Henricus IX. Magn. Brit. Franciæ et Hibern. Rex, Fid. Def., Card. Ep. Tusc.*," one of which, we believe, is now in the possession of her majesty. Cardinal York at this period was, beyond all doubt, ignorant of the existence of a nearer heir of the rights of his family than himself, which a son of his brother would have been. Yet when his sister-in-law left her husband, only seven years after the alleged birth, the cardinal sent for her to Rome, received her with tender affection, and watched over her interests with the most anxious care, until he had procured her a suitable establishment from his brother. Were these complicated negotiations entirely carried through without the princess' ever mentioning to one so nearly related to her the existence of her son? Nay more, we see from Sir Horace Mann's despatches, that when the health of Charles Edward finally gave way, the Duchess of Albany brought about a complete reconciliation between her father and uncle, in consequence of which the titular king removed his residence to Rome, being there cordially received by the cardinal, who presented him to the pope, and continued on terms of the most affectionate intimacy with him till his death two years afterwards. Can it be imagined that Charles Edward would not communicate to his brother, during this period of confidential intercourse, the existence of his son, had there lived such a person? Finally, there is abundant evidence that the cardinal remained till his own death, in 1807, in the belief that he was himself his brother's heir. The will of Cardinal York, which had been executed in the year 1790, and is still preserved at Rome, is singular. In it he leaves his whole possessions to two executors in trust, for purposes which are not specified in the

*It is asserted by a recent biographer of Charles Edward (Klose) that a prince of the house of Hanover, being anxious to have an interview with the Cardinal, signified his willingness to accede to the usual condition, and was admitted accordingly.

will, but which he therein says he had previously communicated to his executors. It was from the first clear that these purposes could have no connection with any concealed heir of the Stuart blood, for the will itself contains a formal declaration of his own right to the British crown, and a protest in favor of his own nearest lawful heir, who could not of course by any means be the son of his elder brother. All doubt, however, as to the actual instructions left by him was removed by his principal executor, Canon Cæsari, who, in the year after the cardinal's death, made a formal note of the verbal instructions received by him, and sealed it up, so to remain till Charles Edward's widow should be dead, and certain estates in Mexico realized. The revolution in Mexico having rendered this realization impossible, the pope, in 1831, ordered Cæsari's note to be opened, when it was found to contain directions for the application of the cardinal's whole property in aid of certain missionary enterprises under the management of the Propaganda. Thus the last remnant of the property of the Stuarts went to that church their adherence to which had cost them three kingdoms.

If from the ex-royal family we turn to that by whom the secret is said to have been preserved, the result is equally clear and inevitable. The sketch of Admiral Allen's life, which we have quoted from the "Gentleman's Magazine," not only contains no allusion to the existence of any such rumor as that now under our notice, but it does not even mention him as connected in any way with any persons of Jacobite principles or predilections. On the contrary, the Rockingham party, with whom he is said to have been connected, were not even Tories, but Whigs. Had Charles Edward been in a situation to confide so delicate a trust to any one, it is impossible to conceive that he would have selected any other than one of his staunchest adherents; yet we are now called upon to believe that this charge was intrusted to one whose political relations seem to have been with the opposite party. But there is more behind—we can appeal to the direct testimony of the very persons most concerned in the theory of the "Tales of a Century." Their hero, the Iolair Dhearg, is represented as aware of his real parentage prior to the scene in 1790, yet the notice of Thomas Allen's marriage in the "Gentleman's Magazine" expressly calls him "son of Admiral Allen." The admiral himself died, as we have seen, in October, 1800, and had made his will in February of the same year. In it he expressly names as his son "Lieutenant Thomas Allen of his majesty's navy." On what possible principle can this be accounted for? What conceivable motive could induce the officer intrusted by Charles Edward with the care of the only hope of the house of Stuart, to leave in his will, and that will, too, executed in the year of his death, a flat denial of the royal birth of his illustrious ward? The fact is utterly irreconcilable with the existence of such a secret, and appears to us absolutely conclusive. There was no occasion for the admiral stating in his will whose son Thomas Allen was. He might have left him 100*l.*, without any allusion to his parentage; but when he deliberately, and, as lawyers say, *in intuitu mortis*, assures us that this gentleman, the father of those who now assume names so directly indicative of royal pretensions, was his own son, we are inclined to give him credit for a clearer knowledge of the truth than any now alive can possess.

We have now done with the Iolair Dhearg. We

have endeavored to sever him from the stem on which fancy has been pleased to engraft him, with as gentle a hand as might be. It gives us no pleasure to bring down such a *Château en Espagne* about the ears of those to whose personal gratification it must be supposed to have ministered; but the nature of the claim, and the fact that some credulous rural dignitaries have been lending it countenance, seemed to impose the duty of demolition on some of our craft. The attempt to persuade the world that Charles Edward left a legitimate male progeny is the silliest of dreams; and no rational creature can doubt that the broken diadem which lies so touchingly at the foot of the cross in the frontispiece to the work of Messrs. "John Sobieski Stuart" and "Charles Edward Stuart," is now the heritage of a branch of the imperial house of Austrian Lorraine, in the person of the eldest son of the Duke of Modena.* With whom the Iolair invention originated we know not. In such cases there is usually one, or a small number of deceivers, and many deceived; and it is as common to find those most concerned in the truth of the story in the latter as in the former position. This much, however, we can say:—there are distinct indications that the present genealogical fiction is the offspring of the same fertile imagination which produced the literary fiction of the "Vestiarium Scoticum." This appears no more than the inevitable inference from the statement that the MS. of the "Vestiarium" was found among the papers of Charles Edward himself. Moreover, it is capable of proof that neither the "Vestiarium of Sir Richard Urquhart, Knight," nor the romantic history of the Iolair Dhearg, was the first attempt of this literary and genealogical adventurer. In a certain volume of poetry, already alluded to as having been published in 1822, we find a piece entitled "The Gathering of the Hays," of which we shall transcribe the opening stanzas:—

"GATHERING."

"MacGaradh! MacGaradh! red race of the Tay!
Ho! gather! ho! gather like hawks to the prey!
MacGaradh, MacGaradh, MacGaradh, come fast,
The flame's on the beacon, the horn's on the blast.

The standard of Errol unfolds its white breast,
And the falcon of Loncarty stirs in her nest.

*We are almost ashamed to tell what every one ought to know as well as ourselves. "The death of Cardinal York extinguished the descendants of James the Second, and as he had no brother but Charles the Second, who predeceased him without legitimate issue, the succession then opened to the descendants of his sister, the Princess Henrietta Maria, wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans. She died in 1670, leaving two daughters. After her death the Duke of Orleans married Charlotte, daughter of the Elector Palatine, from whom the subsequent family of Orleans, and the present king of the French, are descended. Mary, eldest daughter of the Princess Henrietta Maria, married Charles the Second, king of Spain, but died without issue. Her sister Ann, second daughter of the Princess Henrietta Maria, married Victor Amedeus, king of Sardinia. Their son, Charles Emanuel the Third, succeeded in 1730, and was succeeded by his son, Victor Amedeus the Third. Charles Emanuel the Fourth, eldest son of Victor Amedeus the Third, died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother Victor Emanuel. Victor Emanuel left twin daughters, the eldest-born of whom, Mary Beatrice, married Francis Duke of Modena, while the crown of Sardinia passed to her father's heirs male. The Duchess Mary Beatrice of Modena has left two sons, the elder of whom, Francis, born on the 1st of June, 1819, is now the unquestionable heir of the house of Stuart. By a singular coincidence, this prince's sister is wife to the exiled head of the house of Bourbon."

Come away, come away, come to the tryst,
Come in, MacGaradh, from east and from west!

"MacGaradh! MacGaradh! MacGaradh, come forth!

Come from your bowers, from south and from north,

Come in all Gowrie, Kinoul, and Tweedale!

Drumelzier and Naughton, come lock'd in your mail!

Come Stuart! come Stuart! set up thy white rose!

Killour and Buckleugh, bring thy bills and thy bows!

Come in, MacGaradh! come arm'd for the fray!
Wide is the war-cry, and dark is the day.

"QUICK MARCH.

"The Hay! the Hay! the Hay! the Hay!
MacGaradh is coming! Give way! give way!
The Hay! the Hay! the Hay! the Hay!
MacGaradh in coming, give way!
MacGaradh is coming, clear the way!
MacGaradh is coming, hurra! hurra!
MacGaradh is coming, clear the way!
MacGaradh is coming, hurra!"

The author of the other poems comprised in the volume—Mr. John Hay Allan, now Mr. John Sobieski Stuart—tells us in his notes that he copied this piece "from an old leaf pasted into an old MS. history of the Hays," and that he had "seen a version of the first stanza in Gaelic." The first and second stanzas he considers decidedly ancient; the remaining verses as having been composed by a certain Captain James Hay in 1715. It is further explained to us, apparently from the same MS. history, that "MacGaradh" was the ancient name of the Hays, "Garadh" signifying in Gaelic "a dike or barrier," and being therefore nearly synonymous with the French "haie," a "hedge." The patronymic of the chief, we are told, was "Mac Mhic Garadh Mor an Sgithan Dearg"—"the son of the son of Garadh the Great of the red shields." Of this "old MS. history" we know no more than is contained in the above references to it in the editorial notes of 1822:—but the "Gathering" is so manifestly an imitation of Scott's "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," composed in 1816, enriched with an occasional touch from the popular song of "The Campbells are coming," that the youngest Miss Hay who fingers a pianoforte cannot suppose it really ancient; and we have no doubt from this, and from the unnatural association of Gaelic names and phrases with the purely Lowland family of the Hays, that, were the "old MS. history of the Hays" itself before us, it would prove a genuine elder brother of the Vestiarium "from the Douay papers." It is tolerably obvious, in short, that our ingenious manipulator, whoever he may be, has arrived by cautious degrees at the *crowning* of his imposture. In the poetical compilation of 1822, there occurred indeed an intimation that the gentleman named on its title-page claimed a descent in some way from the Stuarts, (p. 97,) but we were left without any explanation on that subject—while the MS. history of the Hays and the Gathering of the MacGaradh were brought prominently forward. Encouraged by the success of those smaller experiments, the artist appears to have advanced from his mystifications about a single noble family, whose

*See "The Bridal of Caolchairn, and other Poems," by John Hay Allan, Esq. London, Hookham; and Edinburgh, Tait. 8vo. 1822.

real history is quite well known, to the more perplexed pedigrees of the Highland clans, with the phantasmagoria of their variegated tartans—which decorations he then liberally imparted to the harnessed spearmen of the southern border, and even to the purest of the Anglo-Norman houses conspicuous in the authentic annals of Scotland—yea, even to Bruce, Hamilton, and Lyndsay!—until he was at last encouraged to produce in a tangible shape this more ambitious invention of the Iolair Dhearg—announcing openly to the dandies of the Celtic Club and the dowagers of the Inverness Meeting that "*they have yet a KING!*"

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Histoire de Saint François d'Assise*, (1182—1226. Par EMILE CHAVIN DE MALAN. Paris: 1845.
2. *St. François d'Assise*. Par E. J. DELECLUSE. Paris: 1844.

It was a noble design which died with Robert Southey. His History of the Monastic Orders would not perhaps have poured a large tribute of philosophy, divine or human, into the ocean of knowledge; but how graceful would have been the flow of that transparent narrative, and how would it have reflected and enhanced the beauty of every rich campaign and of every towering promontory along which it would have swept! Peremptory and dogmatical as he was, he addressed himself to the task of instructing his own and future generations, with a just sense of the dignity and of the responsibilities of that high office. He was too brave a man, and too sound a Protestant, to shrink from any aspect of truth; nor would he ever have supposed that he could promote a legitimate object of ecclesiastical history by impairing the well-earned fame of any of the worthies of the church, because they had been entangled in the sophistries or the superstitions of the ages in which they flourished.

M. Chavin de Malan has adopted the project of our fellow-countryman, and is publishing his Monastic History in a series of fragments, among which is this volume on the founder and the progress of the Franciscan Order. Though among the most passionate and uncompromising devotees of the Church of Rome, M. Chavin de Malan also is in one sense a Protestant. He protests against any exercise of human reason in examining any dogma which that church inculcates, or any fact which she alleges. The most merciless of her cruelties affect him with no indignation, the silliest of her prodigies with no shame, the basest of her superstitions with no contempt. Her veriest dotage is venerable in his eyes. Even the atrocities of Innocent the Third seem to this all-extolling eulogist but to augment the triumph and the glories of his reign. If the soul of the confessor of Simon de Montfort, retaining all the passions and all the prejudices of that era, should transmigrate into a Doctor of the Sorbonne, conversant with the arts and literature of our own times, the result might be the production of such an ecclesiastical history as that of which we have here a specimen—elaborate in research, glowing in style, vivid in portraiture, utterly reckless and indiscriminate in belief, extravagant, up to the very verge of idolatry, in applause, and familiar, far beyond the verge of indecorum, with the most awful topics and objects of the Christian faith.

The episode of which M. Chavin de Malan disposes in this book, is among the most curious and important in the annals of the church, and the ma-

terials for the Life of Francis of Assisi are more than usually copious and authentic. First in order are his own extant writings, consisting chiefly of letters, colloquies, poems, and predictions. His earliest biographer, Thomas of Celano, was his follower and his personal friend. Three of the intimate associates of the saint (one of them his confessor) compiled a joint narrative of his miracles and his labors. Bonaventura, himself a general of the Franciscan order, wrote a celebrated life of the founder, whom in his infancy he had seen. And lastly, there is a chronicle called *Fioretti di San Francisco*, which, though not written till half a century after his death, has always been held in much esteem by the hagiographers. Within the last thirty years a new edition of it has been published at Verona. On these five authorities all the more recent narratives are founded. Yet the works of Thomas de Celano and of the "*Tres Socii*," with the writings of Francis himself, are the only sources of contemporary intelligence strictly so called; although Bonaventura and the chronicler of the *Fioretti* had large opportunities of ascertaining the reality of the facts they have related. How far they availed themselves of that advantage, may be partly inferred from the following brief epitome of those occurrences.

The city of Assisi, in Umbria, was a mart of some importance in the latter half of the 12th century. At that period it could boast no merchant more adventurous or successful than Pietro Bernardone di Mericoni. Happy in a thriving trade, and happier still in an affectionate wife, he was above all happy in the prospect of the future eminence of his son Francisco. The foremost in every feat of arms, and the gayest in every festival, the youth was at the same time assiduous in the counting-house; and though his expenditure was profuse, it still flowed in such channels as to attest the princely munificence of his spirit. The brightest eyes in Assisi, dazzled by so many graces, and the most reverend brows there, acknowledging such early wisdom, were alike bent with complacency towards him; and all conspired to sustain his father's belief, that, in his person, the name of Bernardone would rival the proudest of those whom neither transalpine conquerors, nor the majesty of the tiara, disdained to propitiate in the guilds of Venice or of Pisa.

Uniform, alas! is the dirge of all the generations of mankind, over hopes blossoming but to die. In a combat with the citizens of Perugia, Francis was taken prisoner; and after a captivity of twelve months, was released only to encounter a disease, which, at the dawn of manhood, brought him within view of the gates of death. Long, earnest, and inquisitive was his gaze into the inscrutable abyss on which they open; and when at length he returned to the duties of life, it was in the awe-stricken spirit of one to whom those dread realities had been unveiled. The world one complicated imposture, all sensible delights so many polluting vanities, human praise and censure but the tinkling of the cymbals—what remained but to spurn these empty shadows, that so he might grasp the one imperishable object of man's sublunary existence? His alms became lavish. His days and nights were consumed in devout exercises. Prostrate in the crowded church, or in the recesses of the forest, his agitated frame attested the conflict of his mind. He exchanged dresses with a tattered mendicant, and pressed to his bosom a wretch rendered loathsome by leprosy. But as he gradually gathered strength from these self-conquests, or as returning health

restored the tone and vigor of his nerves, his thoughts, reverting to the lower world, wandered in search of victories of another order.

Walter of Brienne was in arms in the Neapolitan states against the emperor; the weak opposed to the powerful; the Italian to the German; the Guelph to the Ghibelline; and Francis laid him down to sleep, resolved that, with the return of day, he would join the "*Gentle Count*," as he was usually called, in resisting the oppressor to the death. In his slumbers a vast armory seemed to open to his view; and a voice commanded him to select, from the burnished weapons with which it was hung, such as he could most effectually wield against the impious enemy of the church. The dreamer awoke; and in prompt submission to the celestial mandate, laid aside the serge gown and modest bonnet of his craft, and exhibited himself to his admiring fellow-citizens armed cap-à-pie, and urging on his war-horse towards the encampment of his destined leader. At Spoleto fatigue arrested his course. Again he slept, and again the voice was heard. It announced to him that the martial implements of his former vision were not, as he had supposed, such as are borne beneath a knightly banner against a carnal adversary, but arms of spiritual temper, to be directed, in his native city, against the invisible powers of darkness. He listened and obeyed; and Assisi reopened her gates to her returning warrior, resolute to break a lance with a more fearful foe than was ever sent by the emperor into the field.

To superficial judges it probably appeared as if that dread antagonist had won an easy triumph over his young assailant. For Francis was seen once more, the graceful leader of the civic revels, bearing in his hand the sceptre of the king of frolic, and followed by a joyous band, who made the old streets echo with their songs. As that strain arose, however, a dark shadow gathered over the countenance of the leader, and amid the general chorus his voice was unheard. "Why so grave, Francis! art thou going to be married?" exclaimed one of the carollers. "I am," answered Francis, "and to a lady of such rank, wealth, and beauty, that the world cannot produce her like." He burst from the jocund throng in search of her, and was ere long in her embrace. He vowed to take her "for his wedded wife, for better for worse, to love and to cherish till death should them part." The lady was Poverty. The greatest poet of Italy and the greatest orator of France have celebrated their nuptials. But neither Dante nor Bossuet was the inventor of the parable. It was ever on the lips of Francis himself, that Poverty was his bride, that he was her devoted husband, and the whole Franciscan order their offspring.

His fidelity to his betrothed lady was inviolate, but not unassailed by temptation. Pleasure, wealth, ambition, were the sirens who, with witching looks and songs, attempted to divert him from his Penelope; and when he could no longer combat, he at least could fly the fascination. Wandering in the Umbrian hills, he wept and fasted, and communed with the works of God; till, raised to communion with their Maker, he knelt in a rustic church which the piety of ancient times had consecrated there to the memory of St. Damiano.

The voice which directed his path in life was heard again. "Seest thou not," it cried, "that my temple is falling into ruins? Restore it." Again the spirit of interpretation failed him. Instead of addressing himself to renovate the spiritual,

Come away, come away, come to the tryst,
Come in, MacGaradh, from east and from west!

"MacGaradh! MacGaradh! MacGaradh, come forth!

Come from your bowers, from south and from north,

Come in all Gowrie, Kinoul, and Tweedale!

Drumelzier and Naughton, come lock'd in your mail!

Come Stuart! come Stuart! set up thy white rose!

Killour and Buckleugh, bring thy bills and thy bows!

Come in, MacGaradh! come arm'd for the fray!
Wide is the war-cry, and dark is the day.

"QUICK MARCH.

"The Hay! the Hay! the Hay! the Hay!
MacGaradh is coming! Give way! give way!
The Hay! the Hay! the Hay! the Hay!
MacGaradh is coming, give way!
MacGaradh is coming, clear the way!
MacGaradh is coming, hurra! hurra!
MacGaradh is coming, clear the way!
MacGaradh is coming, hurra!"*

The author of the other poems comprised in the volume—Mr. John Hay Allan, now Mr. John Sobieski Stuart—tells us in his notes that he copied this piece "from an old leaf pasted into an old MS. history of the Hays," and that he had "seen a version of the first stanza in Gaelic." The first and second stanzas he considers decidedly ancient; the remaining verses as having been composed by a certain Captain James Hay in 1715. It is further explained to us, apparently from the same MS. history, that "MacGaradh" was the ancient name of the Hays, "Garadh" signifying in Gaelic "a dike or barrier," and being therefore nearly synonymous with the French "haie," a "hedge." The patronymic of the chief, we are told, was "Mac Mhic Garadh Mor an Sgithan Dearg"—"the son of the son of Garadh the Great of the red shields." Of this "old MS. history" we know no more than is contained in the above references to it in the editorial notes of 1822:—but the "Gathering" is so manifestly an imitation of Scott's "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," composed in 1816, enriched with an occasional touch from the popular song of "The Campbells are coming," that the youngest Miss Hay who fingers a pianoforte cannot suppose it really ancient; and we have no doubt from this, and from the unnatural association of Gaelic names and phrases with the purely Lowland family of the Hays, that, were the "old MS. history of the Hays" itself before us, it would prove a genuine elder brother of the Vestiarium "from the Douay papers." It is tolerably obvious, in short, that our ingenious manipulator, whoever he may be, has arrived by cautious degrees at the crowning of his imposture. In the poetical compilation of 1822, there occurred indeed an intimation that the gentleman named on its title-page claimed a descent in some way from the Stuarts, (p. 97,) but we were left without any explanation on that subject—while the MS. history of the Hays and the Gathering of the MacGaradh were brought prominently forward. Encouraged by the success of those smaller experiments, the artist appears to have advanced from his mystifications about a single noble family, whose

real history is quite well known, to the more perplexed pedigrees of the Highland clans, with the phantasmagoria of their variegated tartans—which decorations he then liberally imparted to the harnessed spearmen of the southern border, and even to the purest of the Anglo-Norman houses conspicuous in the authentic annals of Scotland—yea, even to Bruce, Hamilton, and Lyndsay!—until he was at last encouraged to produce in a tangible shape this more ambitious invention of the Iolair Dhearg—announcing openly to the dandies of the Celtic Club and the dowagers of the Inverness Meeting that "they have yet a KING!"

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Histoire de Saint François d'Assise*, (1182—1226. Par ÉMILE CHAVIN DE MALAN. Paris: 1845.
2. *St. François d'Assise*. Par E. J. DELECLUSE. Paris: 1844.

It was a noble design which died with Robert Southey. His History of the Monastic Orders would not perhaps have poured a large tribute of philosophy, divine or human, into the ocean of knowledge; but how graceful would have been the flow of that transparent narrative, and how would it have reflected and enhanced the beauty of every rich champaign and of every towering promontory along which it would have swept! Peremptory and dogmatical as he was, he addressed himself to the task of instructing his own and future generations, with a just sense of the dignity and of the responsibilities of that high office. He was too brave a man, and too sound a Protestant, to shrink from any aspect of truth; nor would he ever have supposed that he could promote a legitimate object of ecclesiastical history by impairing the well-earned fame of any of the worthies of the church, because they had been entangled in the sophistries or the superstitions of the ages in which they flourished.

M. Chavin de Malan has adopted the project of our fellow-countryman, and is publishing his Monastic History in a series of fragments, among which is this volume on the founder and the progress of the Franciscan Order. Though among the most passionate and uncompromising devotees of the Church of Rome, M. Chavin de Malan also is in one sense a Protestant. He protests against any exercise of human reason in examining any dogma which that church inculcates, or any fact which she alleges. The most merciless of her cruelties affect him with no indignation, the silliest of her prodigies with no shame, the basest of her superstitions with no contempt. Her veriest dotage is venerable in his eyes. Even the atrocities of Innocent the Third seem to this all-extolling eulogist but to augment the triumph and the glories of his reign. If the soul of the confessor of Simon de Montfort, retaining all the passions and all the prejudices of that era, should transmigrate into a Doctor of the Sorbonne, conversant with the arts and literature of our own times, the result might be the production of such an ecclesiastical history as that of which we have here a specimen—elaborate in research, glowing in style, vivid in portraiture, utterly reckless and indiscriminate in belief, extravagant, up to the very verge of idolatry, in applause, and familiar, far beyond the verge of indecorum, with the most awful topics and objects of the Christian faith.

The episode of which M. Chavin de Malan disposes in this book, is among the most curious and important in the annals of the church, and the ma-

*See "The Bridal of Caolchairn, and other Poems," by John Hay Allan, Esq. London, Hookham; and Edinburgh, Tait. 8vo. 1822.

terials for the Life of Francis of Assisi are more than usually copious and authentic. First in order are his own extant writings, consisting chiefly of letters, colloquies, poems, and predictions. His earliest biographer, Thomas of Celano, was his follower and his personal friend. Three of the intimate associates of the saint (one of them his confessor) compiled a joint narrative of his miracles and his labors. Bonaventura, himself a general of the Franciscan order, wrote a celebrated life of the founder, whom in his infancy he had seen. And lastly, there is a chronicle called *Fioretti di San Francisco*, which, though not written till half a century after his death, has always been held in much esteem by the hagiographers. Within the last thirty years a new edition of it has been published at Verona. On these five authorities all the more recent narratives are founded. Yet the works of Thomas de Celano and of the "*Tres Socii*," with the writings of Francis himself, are the only sources of contemporary intelligence strictly so called; although Bonaventura and the chronicler of the *Fioretti* had large opportunities of ascertaining the reality of the facts they have related. How far they availed themselves of that advantage, may be partly inferred from the following brief epitome of those occurrences.

The city of Assisi, in Umbria, was a mart of some importance in the latter half of the 12th century. At that period it could boast no merchant more adventurous or successful than Pietro Bernardone di Mericoni. Happy in a thriving trade, and happier still in an affectionate wife, he was above all happy in the prospect of the future eminence of his son Francisco. The foremost in every feat of arms, and the gayest in every festival, the youth was at the same time assiduous in the counting-house; and though his expenditure was profuse, it still flowed in such channels as to attest the princely munificence of his spirit. The brightest eyes in Assisi, dazzled by so many graces, and the most reverend brows there, acknowledging such early wisdom, were alike bent with complacency towards him; and all conspired to sustain his father's belief, that, in his person, the name of Bernardone would rival the proudest of those whom neither transalpine conquerors, nor the majesty of the tiara, disdained to propitiate in the guilds of Venice or of Pisa.

Uniform, alas! is the dirge of all the generations of mankind, over hopes blossoming but to die. In a combat with the citizens of Perugia, Francis was taken prisoner; and after a captivity of twelve months, was released only to encounter a disease, which, at the dawn of manhood, brought him within view of the gates of death. Long, earnest, and inquisitive was his gaze into the inscrutable abyss on which they open; and when at length he returned to the duties of life, it was in the awe-stricken spirit of one to whom those dread realities had been unveiled. The world one complicated imposture, all sensible delights so many polluting vanities, human praise and censure but the tinkling of the cymbals—what remained but to spurn these empty shadows, that so he might grasp the one imperishable object of man's sublunary existence? His alms became lavish. His days and nights were consumed in devout exercises. Prostrate in the crowded church, or in the recesses of the forest, his agitated frame attested the conflict of his mind. He exchanged dresses with a tattered mendicant, and pressed to his bosom a wretch rendered loathsome by leprosy. But as he gradually gathered strength from these self-conquests, or as returning health

restored the tone and vigor of his nerves, his thoughts, reverting to the lower world, wandered in search of victories of another order.

Walter of Brienne was in arms in the Neapolitan states against the emperor; the weak opposed to the powerful; the Italian to the German; the Guelph to the Ghibelline; and Francis laid him down to sleep, resolved that, with the return of day, he would join the "Gentle Count," as he was usually called, in resisting the oppressor to the death. In his slumbers a vast armory seemed to open to his view; and a voice commanded him to select, from the burnished weapons with which it was hung, such as he could most effectually wield against the impious enemy of the church. The dreamer awoke; and in prompt submission to the celestial mandate, laid aside the serge gown and modest bonnet of his craft, and exhibited himself to his admiring fellow-citizens armed cap-à-pie, and urging on his war-horse towards the encampment of his destined leader. At Spoleto fatigue arrested his course. Again he slept, and again the voice was heard. It announced to him that the martial implements of his former vision were not, as he had supposed, such as are borne beneath a knightly banner against a carnal adversary, but arms of spiritual temper, to be directed, in his native city, against the invisible powers of darkness. He listened and obeyed; and Assisi reopened her gates to her returning warrior, resolute to break a lance with a more fearful foe than was ever sent by the emperor into the field.

To superficial judges it probably appeared as if that dread antagonist had won an easy triumph over his young assailant. For Francis was seen once more, the graceful leader of the civic revels, bearing in his hand the sceptre of the king of frolic, and followed by a joyous band, who made the old streets echo with their songs. As that strain arose, however, a dark shadow gathered over the countenance of the leader, and amid the general chorus his voice was unheard. "Why so grave, Francis? art thou going to be married?" exclaimed one of the carollers. "I am," answered Francis, "and to a lady of such rank, wealth, and beauty, that the world cannot produce her like." He burst from the jocund throng in search of her, and was ere long in her embrace. He vowed to take her "for his wedded wife, for better for worse, to love and to cherish till death should them part." The lady was Poverty. The greatest poet of Italy and the greatest orator of France have celebrated their nuptials. But neither Dante nor Bossuet was the inventor of the parable. It was ever on the lips of Francis himself, that Poverty was his bride, that he was her devoted husband, and the whole Franciscan order their offspring.

His fidelity to his betrothed lady was inviolate, but not unassailed by temptation. Pleasure, wealth, ambition, were the sirens who, with witching looks and songs, attempted to divert him from his Penelope; and when he could no longer combat, he at least could fly the fascination. Wandering in the Umbrian hills, he wept and fasted, and communed with the works of God; till, raised to communion with their Maker, he knelt in a rustic church which the piety of ancient times had consecrated there to the memory of St. Damiano.

The voice which directed his path in life was heard again. "Seest thou not," it cried, "that my temple is falling into ruins? Restore it." Again the spirit of interpretation failed him. Instead of addressing himself to renovate the spiritual,

he undertook the repairs of the material fabric—an arduous task for the future spouse of Poverty! But obedience was indispensable. Rising from his knees, he hastened to his father's warehouse, laden a stout palfrey with silks and embroideries, sold both horse and goods at the neighboring town of Foligno, and laid down the money at the feet of the officiating priest of St. Damiano. The more cautious churchman rejected the gold. Francis indignantly cast it into the mire; and vowed that the building so solemnly committed to his care should become his dwelling-place and his home, till the divine behest had been fulfilled.

During all this time hallucinations of his own, though of a far different kind, had haunted the brain of the respectable Pietro Bernadone. Grouping into forms ever new and brilliant, like spangles shaken in a kaleidoscope, the ideas of sales and bills of lading, of sea risks and of supercargoes, had combined with those of loans to reckless crusaders and of the supply of hostile camps, to form one gorgeous Eldorado, when intelligence of the loss of his draperies, his pack-horse, and his son, restored him to the waking world and to himself. The goods and the quadruped were gone irrevocably. But as the exasperated father paced the streets of Assisi, a figure emaciated with fasts and vigils, squalid with dirt, and assailed by the filthy missiles of a hooting rabble, approached him, and as it moved onwards with a measured tread, an uplifted eye, and a serene aspect, it revealed to the old merchant, in this very sorry spectacle of dignified suffering, the long-cherished object of his ambitious hopes. What biographer even now can tell the sequel without a blush! Francis was hurried away from his persecutors and his admirers, in the grasp of the elder Bernadone, and, from his vigorous arm, received that kind of chastisement under which heroism itself ceases to be sublime. The incensed judge then passed a chain round the body of the youth, and left him in a kind of domestic prison, there to satiate his love for penances, until his own return from a journey to which the inexorable demands of his commerce had summoned him.

Wiser far and more gentle was the custody to which Francis was transferred, and a voice was heard in his penitentiary full of a more genuine inspiration than any of those by which his steps had been hitherto guided. It was the voice of his mother, soothing her half-distracted child in accents as calm and as holy as those which first broke the silence of Eden. It spoke to him of maternal love, of reconciliation, and of peace. But it addressed him in vain. He was bound to leave father and mother, and to cleave to his betrothed wife, and to the duties of that indissoluble alliance. Convinced at length of the vanity, perhaps trembling at the impiety, of any further resistance, his mother threw open his prison doors, and permitted him to escape to his sanctuary at St. Damiano.

In those hallowed precincts Francis found courage to oppose, and constancy to disarm, the rage with which he was pursued by his father. Gradually, but surely, the mind of the old man embraced the discovery, that, though dwelling on the same planet, he and his son were inhabitants of different worlds. From that conviction he advanced with incomparable steadiness to the practical results involved in it. Why, he inquired, should a churchman, to whom all earthly interests were as the fine dust in the balance, retain the price of the pack-horse and of his pack? The priest of St. Damiano immediately restored the scattered gold, which he had

providently gathered up. Why should a youth who despised all treasures, but those laid up in heaven, retain his prospective right to a sublunary inheritance? A renunciation of it was at once drawn up, signed, and placed in his hands. Why should a candidate for cowl and scapulary retain the goodly apparel in which he had reached his place of refuge? In a few moments the young probationer stood before him in his shirt. Carefully packing up the clothes, the parchment, and the gold, the merchant returned to accumulate more gold at Assisi. And here history takes her leave of him; without regret and without applause, but not without a sullen acknowledgment, that, after all, it was from the mortal Pietro that the immortal Francis derived one inheritance which he could not renounce—the inheritance of that inflexible decision of purpose which elevated the father to distinction among the worshippers of Mammon, and the son to eminence among the saints of Christendom.

It was indeed, “an obstinate hill to climb.” An orphan with living parents, a beggar entitled to a splendid patrimony, he traversed the mountains with the freedom of soul known only to those for whom the smiles of fortune have no charm, and her frowns no terror. Chanting divine canticles as he went, his voice attracted the banditti who lurked in those fastnesses. They tossed the worthless prize contemptuously into a snow-drift. Half frozen, he crawled to a neighboring monastery, and was employed by the monks as a scullion. He returned to the scene of his former revels, and obtained the cloak, the leathern girdle, and the staff of a pilgrim as an alms from one who, in those brilliant days, had confessed his superiority in every graceful art, and in every feat of chivalry. With the dress he assumed the spirit of a pilgrim, and devoted himself to the relief of the sorrows of those who, like himself, though for a very different reason, were estranged from a cold and a fastidious world.

Into all the countries embracing the Mediterranean, the crusaders had at this period introduced the leprosy of the East. A ritual was compiled for the purpose of celebrating with impressive solemnity the removal of the victims of that fearful malady from all intercourse with their fellow Christians. It was a pathetic and melancholy service, in which the sternest interdict was softened by words of consolation and of pity. Nor were they words of empty ceremonial. A sentiment of reverence towards those miserable sufferers was widely diffused throughout the whole of Europe. The obscurity which hung over the origin, the nature, and the cure of the disease, and the mysterious connection in which it stood to the warfare for the Holy Sepulchre, moved that wonder-loving age to invest it with a kind of sacred character. The churchmen of the times availed themselves skilfully and kindly of this popular feeling. They taught that Christ himself had regarded the leprosy with peculiar tenderness; and not content to enforce this lesson from those parts of the evangelic narrative which really confirm it, they advanced by the aid of the Vulgate further still, and quoted from the 53d chapter of Isaiah, a prophecy in which, as they maintained, the Messiah himself was foretold under the image of a leper. “Nos putavimus eum quasi *Leprosus*, percussus a Deo, et humiliatum.” Kings and princes visited, countesses ministered to them, saints (as it was believed) wrought miracles for their cure, and almost every considerable city erected hospitals for their detention and relief.

Some time before his betrothment to Poverty,

Francis, crossing on horseback the plain which surrounds Assisi, unexpectedly drew near to a leper. Controlling his involuntary disgust, the rider dismounted, and advanced to greet and to succor him, but the leper instantaneously disappeared. St. Bonaventura is sponsor for the sequel of the tale. He who assumed this deplorable semblance was in reality no other than the awful being whom the typical language of Isaiah had adumbrated. Little wonder, then, that after his vows had been plighted to his austere bride, Francis had faith to see, and charity to love, even in the leprous, the imperishable traces of the divine image in which man was created, and the brethren of the divine sufferer by whom man was redeemed.

Yet, despite this triumph of the spiritual discernment over the carnal sense, neither faith nor charity could subdue his natural terror in the prospect of a continued and familiar intercourse with such associates. Some distinct disclosure of the divine will was still requisite to such a self-immolation; and such disclosures were never long denied to him. The now familiar voice was heard anew. "Hate what thou hast hitherto loved," it cried; "Love what thou hast hitherto hated." He listened, and became an inmate of the Leprous Hospital at Assisi. With his own hands he washed the feet and dressed the sores of the lepers; and once at least reverently applied his lips to such a wound. The man (so says St. Bonaventura) instantly became whole. "Whether shall we most admire," he exclaims, "the miraculous power, or the courageous humility of that kiss!" A question to be asked of those who believe in both. But even they who reject the miracle, will revere the loving-kindness of such a sojourn among such unhappy outcasts.

In later days Francis became the father and the apostle of the leprous; and when weightier cares withdrew him in person from that charge, his heart still turned towards them with a father's yearnings. Among his numerous followers, were some who, though destitute of the higher gifts of intellect, were largely endowed with the heroism of self-denying love. James, surnamed the Simple, was amongst the most conspicuous of them, and in those abodes of woe he earned the glorious title of steward and physician of the leprous. It happened that, in his simplicity, James brought one of his patients to worship at a much frequented church, and there received from Francis the rebuke so well merited for his indiscretion. The heart of the sick man was oppressed as he listened to the censure of his benefactor; and the heart of Francis was moved within him to perceive that he had thus inadvertently added to the burden of the heavy laden. He fell at the leper's feet, implored his forgiveness, sat down with him to eat out of the same dish, embraced and dismissed him! Had he grasped every subtle distinction of the *Summa Theologiæ* itself, or had he even built up that stupendous monument of the learning of his age, it would have been a lower title to the honors of canonization.

The church of St. Damiano still lay in ruins. The command to rebuild it was still unrevoked. Ill success had followed the attempt to extract the requisite funds from the hoards of the old merchant. Plutus, his inexorable father, had been invoked in vain. Poverty, his affianced wife, might be more propitious. He wooed her in the form she loves best. In the dress and character of a beggar he traversed the city through which he had been wont to pass, the gayest of her troubadours, the bravest

of her captains, the most sumptuous of her merchants. Assisi had her witty men who jeered, her wise men who looked grave, and her respectable men who were scandalized, as this strange apparition invoked their alms in the names of the Virgin and of St. Damiano. Solemn heads were shaken at the sight, in allusion to the supposed state of the brain of the mendicant. But the sarcasms of the facetious, and the conclusive objections of the sensible, fell on Francis like arrows rebounding from the scales of Behemoth. His energy silenced and repelled them all. Insuperable difficulties gave way before him. The squalid lazar became the inspiring genius of the architect, the paymaster of the builders, the menial drudge of the workmen. Sometimes he came with money in his hand, sometimes with stones and mortar on his back. At his bidding, nave, chancel, arches, roof, and towers, rose from their foundations. The sacred edifice appeared in renovated splendor. The heavenly precept was obeyed.

Prompt and decisive was the reaction of popular feeling. Instead of debating whether this strange mortal was rogue or maniac, it was now argued that he must be either a necromancer or a saint. The wiser and more charitable opinion prevailed. Near to the city was a ruined church sacred to the prince of the apostles. Confident in his late success, Francis rather demanded, than implored, contributions for rebuilding it. Purses were emptied into his hands, and speedily the dome of St. Peter's looked down in all its pristine dignity on the marts and battlements of Assisi.

There were no church-building commissioners in those days. In their stead, a half-starved youth in the rags of a beadsman moved along the streets of his native city, appealing to every passer-by, in quiet tones and earnest words, and with looks still more persuasive, to aid him in reconstructing the chapel of La Porzioncula; a shrine of Our Lady of Angels, of which the remains may yet be seen, at once hallowing and adorning the quiet meadow by which Assisi is surrounded. "He wept to think upon her stones, it grieved him to see her in the dust." Vows were uttered, processions formed, jewels, plate, and gold were laid at the feet of the gentle enthusiast; and Mary with her attendant angels rejoiced (so at least it was devoutly believed) over the number and the zeal of the worshippers who once more thronged the courts erected in honor of her name.

From that devout company he was not often absent, by whose pious zeal the work had been accomplished. As he knelt before the altar the oracular voice so often heard before again broke in upon the silence of his soul. It cried, "Take nothing for your journey, neither staves nor scrip, neither bread nor money, neither have two coats apiece." A caviller, in the plight to which Francis was reduced already, might have evaded such an injunction. But Francis was no caviller. The poor fragment left to him of this world's goods, his shoes, his staff, his leathern girdle, and his empty purse, were abandoned; and in his coarse cloak of serge, drawn round him with a common cord, he might defy men and devils to plunge him more deeply in the lack of this world's wealth, or to rekindle in his heart the passion for it.

And now were consummated his nuptials with his betrothed spouse. Dante has composed the Epithalamium in the eleventh Canto of the *Paradiso* :—

"Not long the period from his glorious birth,
When, with extraordinary virtue blest,
This wondrous Sun began to comfort earth;
Bearing, while yet a child, his father's ire,
For sake of her whom all at death detest,
And banish from the gate of their desire.
Before the spiritual court, before
His father, too, he took her for his own:
From day to day then loved her more and more.

But lest my language be not clearly seen,
Know, that in speaking of these lovers twain,
Francis and Poverty henceforth I mean.
Their joyful looks, with pleasant concord fraught,
Where love and sweetness might be seen to reign,
Were unto others cause of holy thought."

Nor did Bossuet himself disdain to emulate this part of the "divine comedy." In the panegyric bestowed on the saint by the great orator, Francis is introduced thus addressing his bride:—

"Ma chère Pauvreté, si basse que soit ton extraction selon le jugement des hommes, je t'estime depuis que mon maître t'a épousée. Et certes," proceeds the preacher, "il avait raison, Chrétiens! Si un roi épouse une fille de basse extraction, elle devient reine; on en murmure quelque temps, mais enfin on la reconnaît: elle est ennoblée par le mariage du prince." "Oh pauvres! que vous êtes heureux! parce qu'à vous appartient le royaume de Dieu. Heureux donc mille et mille fois, le pauvre François; le plus ardent, le plus transporté, et, si j'ose parler de la sorte, le plus désespéré amateur de la pauvreté qui ait peut-être été dans l'église."

Art contributed her aid to commemorate this solemn union. In one of the churches of Assisi may yet be seen a fresco by Giotto, of Francis and his bride; he placing the nuptial ring on her finger, and she crowned with light and roses, but clothed in sordid apparel, and her feet torn by the sharp stones and briars over which she is passing.

As often as the rising sun had in former days lighted up the spires of Assisi, it had summoned the hard-handed many to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows; and the prosperous few to drive bargains, or to give them legal form; to chant masses, or to assist at them; to confess, or to lay up matter for confession; to arrange their toilettes, or to sit in judgment on the dresses and characters of others; to sleep through the sultry noon, and to while away the long soft summer nights with dice, music, scandal, or lovers' vows; till, after some few circuits through the zodiac, the same sun looked down on their children's children sauntering at the same listless pace, along the same flowery road, to the same inevitable bourne. But no sooner had these prolific nuptials been celebrated, than the great mass of human existence at Assisi began to heave with unwonted agitation. In her streets and public walks and churches, might be daily encountered the presence of one, most merciless to himself, most merciful to others. His few, simple, and affectionate words, penetrated those cold and frivolous minds; for they were uttered in the soul-subduing power of a sneer, whose wide horizon embraces the sublime objects visible to the eye of faith, though hidden from the grosser eye of sense.

Of the union of Francis and Poverty, Bernard de Quintavalle was the first fruits. He was a man of wealth and distinction, and had cherished some

distrust of the real sanctity of his fellow-townsmen. Bernard therefore brought him to his house, laid himself down to rest in the same chamber, and pretended to sleep while he watched the proceedings of his guest. He saw him rise and kneel, extend his arms, weep tears of rapture, and gaze towards heaven, exclaiming repeatedly, "My God, and my all!" At this sight all doubts were dissipated. "Tell me," said Bernard to his friend, when they met shortly afterwards, "if a slave should receive from his master a treasure which he finds to be useless to him, what ought he to do with it?" "Let him restore it," said Francis, "to his master." "Lo, then," replied Bernard, "I render back to God the earthly goods with which He has enriched me." "We will go together to church," rejoined the spouse of Poverty, "and, after hearing mass, we will ascertain his will." In their way thither they were joined by Peter of Catania, who, though a canon of the cathedral church of Assisi, was another aspirant after the same sublime self-sacrifice.

The three knelt together before the altar; and when the mass had been sung, the officiating priest, at their request, made the sign of the cross over the missal, and then devoutly opened it. Once on behalf of each of them were these *sortes sanctorum* tried. To the first inquiry, the response of the oracle was, "If ye will be perfect, go and sell all that ye have." To the second it answered, "Take nothing for your journey." To the third and last was returned the admonition, "He that would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." "Ye have heard, my brethren," exclaimed Francis, "what must be our rule of life, and the rule of all who shall join us. Let us obey the divine command." It was obeyed implicitly. Bernard and Peter sold all they had, and gave it to the poor; and having stripped themselves of all temporal wealth, as absolutely as their leader, they assumed his austere dress, and avowed themselves his disciples.

A great event had happened in an unconscious world. Though but three had thus met together, yet the order of Minorites or Franciscan brethren was constituted. Six centuries have since passed away; and it still flourishes, one of the elements of life, if not of progress, in the great Christian commonwealth.

The grain of mustard-seed soon began to germinate. Francis, Bernard, and Peter retired together to a hut in the centre of the plain of Rivo Torto; so called from a serpentine stream which wanders through it. With what authority the founder ruled even these, his first followers, may be inferred from the fact (attested by the usual evidence) that after the death of Peter, such prodigies of healing were wrought at his tomb, as much disturbed the devout retirement of his surviving friends. "Brother Peter, you always obeyed me implicitly when you were alive," at length exclaimed the much perplexed Francis—"I expect from you a similar submission now. The visitors to your tomb annoy us sadly. In the name of holy obedience I command you to work no more miracles." Peter at once dutifully desisted from his posthumous works of mercy. "So obedient," observes M. Chavin de Malan, writing in this nineteenth century, "were the family of Francis even after death."

At Rivo Torto, Egidius, another rich citizen of Assisi, sought out and joined the new society. Famous for many graces, and for not a few mira-

cles, he is especially celebrated for having received at Perugia a visit from St. Louis in disguise, when the two saints long knelt together in silence, embracing each other, so as to bring their hearts into the closest possible contiguity. On the departure of the king, Egidius was rebuked by his brethren for his rudeness, in saying not a word to so great a sovereign. "Marvel not," he answered, "that we did not speak. A divine light laid bare to each of us the heart of the other. No words could have intelligibly expressed that language of the soul, or have imparted the same sacred consolation. So impotent is the tongue of man to utter divine mysteries."

Sabbatini, of whom we read only that he was *vir bonus et rectus*—Morico, a crusader, who had been miraculously cured by the prayers of Francis—John de Capella, "who, like another Judas, hanged himself at last"—Sylvester, who, in a dream, had seen the arms of Francis extended to either end of the world, while a golden cross reached from his lips to heaven—with four other worthies, of whom history has preserved only the names, followed the steps of the mystic Egidius. In the dilapidated hut of Rivo Torto, twelve poor men had now assembled. To a common observer they might have passed for the beggar king and his tattered crew. To the leader himself they appeared, more justly, an image of the brotherhood of which the patriarchal family had been the type, and the apostolic college the antitype.

The morning had dawned over the hills from which the Rivo Torto flows, and long had been the prayer of Francis, when, rising from his knees, he called his brethren to him, and thus addressed them. "Take courage, and shelter yourselves in God. Be not depressed to think how few we are. Be not alarmed either at your own weakness, or at mine. God has revealed to me that he will diffuse through the earth this our little family, of which he is himself the Father. I would have concealed what I have seen, but love constrains me to impart it to you. I have seen a great multitude coming to us, to wear our dress, to live as we do. I have seen all the roads crowded with men travelling in eager haste towards us. The French are coming. The Spaniards are hastening. The English and the Germans are running. All nations are mingling together. I hear the tread of the numbers who go and come to execute the commands of holy obedience." "We seem contemptible and insane. But fear not. Believe that our Saviour, who has overcome the world, will speak effectually in us. If gold should lie in our way, let us value it as the dust beneath our feet. We will not, however, condemn or despise the rich who live softly, and are arrayed sumptuously. God, who is our master, is theirs also. But go and preach repentance for the remission of sins. Faithful men, gentle, and full of charity, will receive you and your words with joy. Proud and impious men will condemn and oppose you. Settle it in your hearts to endure all things with meekness and patience. The wise and the noble will soon join themselves to you, and, with you, will preach to kings, to princes, and to nations. Be patient in tribulation, fervent in prayer, fearless in labor, and the kingdom of God, which endures forever, shall be your reward."

Such, we are assured by his three companions, was the inaugural discourse of Francis to his disciples. Then drawing on the earth on which he stood a figure of the cross, each limb of which was turned to one of the four cardinal points of the com-

pass, and arranging his companions in the four corresponding lines, he dismissed each of them with the solemn benediction—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall nourish thee." The new missionaries departed to their work of mercy, and Francis himself retired to the solitude of the hut of Rivo Torto.

In that retirement an arduous duty awaited him. He drew up there, in twenty-three chapters, the rule of his new monastic order, "the Magna Charta of Poverty." It did not essentially differ from the similar institutes of the Benedictines. To the vows of chastity and obedience was however to be added a solemn vow of poverty. His brethren were to labor with their hands, and were to be maintained by alms. But they were to solicit alms, not as suitors for a gratuitous favor, but as assertors of a positive right, which Christ himself had bestowed on the poor. A code of higher authority than any human laws had imposed on the rich the office, and the obligations, of stewards for such as had need of sustenance. The indigent were the real proprietors of all earthly treasures. The food on which Dives fared sumptuously belonged of right to Lazarus; and Dives could acquire an equal title to be fed, only by lying, in his turn, a beggar at the gate.

A doctrine always so welcome to the great body of mankind could never have been announced with a surer prospect of a wide and cordial acceptance than in the commencement of the thirteenth century. But the establishment in the church of a polity thus democratic, seemed no easy enterprise. The sanction of him who wore the triple crown could, it seemed, be scarcely expected for an institute so menacing to all sovereigns, whether secular or spiritual. Yet, without that sanction, the founder might become an heresiarch as guilty as Peter Waldo, and his followers obnoxious to punishments as terrible as those of the Albigenses. It was in the summer of the year 1210 that Francis, accompanied by two or three of his disciples, made a pilgrimage to Rome, to propitiate, if possible, to these startling novelties, the formidable pontate who then bore the keys and the sword of Peter.

The splendid palace of the Lateran reflected the rays of the evening sun as the wayworn travellers approached it. A group of churchmen in sumptuous apparel were traversing with slow and measured steps its lofty terrace, then called "the Mirror," as if afraid to overtake Him who preceded them in a dress studiously simple, and with a countenance wrapt in earnest meditation. Unruffled by passion, and yet elate with conscious power, that eagle eye, and those capacious brows, announced him the lord of a dominion which might have satisfied at once the pride of Diogenes and the ambition of Alexander. Since the Tugurium was built on the Capitoline, no greater monarch had ever called the seven hills his own. But in his pontificate no era had occurred more arduous than that in which Innocent the Third saw the mendicants of Assisi prostrate themselves at his feet.

Twelve years had elapsed since his elevation to the pontifical throne. In that period he had converted into realities the most audacious visions of Hildebrand. He had exacted the oath of fealty to himself from all the imperial officers of the city. He had seized on the marches of Ancona and Umbria. He had annulled the election of Frederick, the infant son of the deceased emperor, and as vicar of Christ on earth, had substituted for him the young Otho of Brunswick, whom he afterwards excommunicated. He had laid France under an

"Not long the period from his glorious birth,
When, with extraordinary virtue blest,
This wondrous Sun began to comfort earth;
Bearing, while yet a child, his father's ire,
For sake of her whom all at death detest,
And banish from the gate of their desire.
Before the spiritual court, before
His father, too, he took her for his own:
From day to day then loved her more and more.

But lest my language be not clearly seen,
Know, that in speaking of these lovers twain,
Francis and Poverty henceforth I mean.
Their joyful looks, with pleasant concord fraught,
Where love and sweetness might be seen to reign,
Were unto others cause of holy thought." *

Nor did Bossuet himself disdain to emulate this part of the "divine comedy." In the panegyric bestowed on the saint by the great orator, Francis is introduced thus addressing his bride:—

"Ma chère Pauvreté, si basse que soit ton extraction selon le jugement des hommes, je t'estime depuis que mon maître t'a épousée. Et certes," proceeds the preacher, "il avait raison, Chrétiens! Si un roi épouse une fille de basse extraction, elle devient reine; on en murmure quelque temps, mais enfin on la reconnaît: elle est ennoblée par le mariage du prince." "Oh pauvres! que vous êtes heureux! parce qu'à vous appartient le royaume de Dieu. Heureux donc mille et mille fois, le pauvre François; le plus ardent, le plus transporté, et, si j'ose parler de la sorte, le plus désespéré amateur de la pauvreté qui ait peut être été dans l'église."

Art contributed her aid to commemorate this solemn union. In one of the churches of Assisi may yet be seen a fresco by Giotto, of Francis and his bride; he placing the nuptial ring on her finger, and she crowned with light and roses, but clothed in sordid apparel, and her feet torn by the sharp stones and briars over which she is passing.

As often as the rising sun had in former days lighted up the spires of Assisi, it had summoned the hard-handed many to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows; and the prosperous few to drive bargains, or to give them legal form; to chant masses, or to assist at them; to confess, or to lay up matter for confession; to arrange their toilettes, or to sit in judgment on the dresses and characters of others; to sleep through the sultry noon, and to while away the long soft summer nights with dice, music, scandal, or lovers' vows; till, after some few circuits through the zodiac, the same sun looked down on their children's children sauntering at the same listless pace, along the same flowery road, to the same inevitable bourne. But no sooner had these prolific nuptials been celebrated, than the great mass of human existence at Assisi began to heave with unwonted agitation. In her streets and public walks and churches, might be daily encountered the presence of one, most merciless to himself, most merciful to others. His few, simple, and affectionate words, penetrated those cold and frivolous minds; for they were uttered in the soul-subduing power of a sneer, whose wide horizon embraces the sublime objects visible to the eye of faith, though hidden from the grosser eye of sense.

Of the union of Francis and Poverty, Bernard de Quintavalle was the first fruits. He was a man of wealth and distinction, and had cherished some

distrust of the real sanctity of his fellow-townsmen. Bernard therefore brought him to his house, laid himself down to rest in the same chamber, and pretended to sleep while he watched the proceedings of his guest. He saw him rise and kneel, extend his arms, weep tears of rapture, and gaze towards heaven, exclaiming repeatedly, "My God, and my all!" At this sight all doubts were dissipated. "Tell me," said Bernard to his friend, when they met shortly afterwards, "if a slave should receive from his master a treasure which he finds to be useless to him, what ought he to do with it?" "Let him restore it," said Francis, "to his master." "Lo, then," replied Bernard, "I render back to God the earthly goods with which He has enriched me." "We will go together to church," rejoined the spouse of Poverty, "and, after hearing mass, we will ascertain his will." In their way thither they were joined by Peter of Catania, who, though a canon of the cathedral church of Assisi, was another aspirant after the same sublime self-sacrifice.

The three knelt together before the altar; and when the mass had been sung, the officiating priest, at their request, made the sign of the cross over the missal, and then devoutly opened it. Once on behalf of each of them were these *sortes sanctorum* tried. To the first inquiry, the response of the oracle was, "If ye will be perfect, go and sell all that ye have." To the second it answered, "Take nothing for your journey." To the third and last was returned the admonition, "He that would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." "Ye have heard, my brethren," exclaimed Francis, "what must be our rule of life, and the rule of all who shall join us. Let us obey the divine command." It was obeyed implicitly. Bernard and Peter sold all they had, and gave it to the poor; and having stripped themselves of all temporal wealth, as absolutely as their leader, they assumed his austere dress, and avowed themselves his disciples.

A great event had happened in an unconscious world. Though but three had thus met together, yet the order of Minorites or Franciscan brethren was constituted. Six centuries have since passed away; and it still flourishes, one of the elements of life, if not of progress, in the great Christian commonwealth.

The grain of mustard-seed soon began to germinate. Francis, Bernard, and Peter retired together to a hut in the centre of the plain of Rivo Torto; so called from a serpentine stream which wanders through it. With what authority the founder ruled even these, his first followers, may be inferred from the fact (attested by the usual evidence) that after the death of Peter, such prodigies of healing were wrought at his tomb, as much disturbed the devout retirement of his surviving friends. "Brother Peter, you always obeyed me implicitly when you were alive," at length exclaimed the much perplexed Francis—"I expect from you a similar submission now. The visitors to your tomb annoy us sadly. In the name of holy obedience I command you to work no more miracles." Peter at once dutifully desisted from his posthumous works of mercy. "So obedient," observes M. Chavin de Malan, writing in this nineteenth century, "were the family of Francis even after death."

At Rivo Torto, Egidiu, another rich citizen of Assisi, sought out and joined the new society. Famous for many graces, and for not a few mira-

* Wright's Dante.

cles, he is especially celebrated for having received at Perugia a visit from St. Louis in disguise, when the two saints long knelt together in silence, embracing each other, so as to bring their hearts into the closest possible contiguity. On the departure of the king, Egidius was rebuked by his brethren for his rudeness, in saying not a word to so great a sovereign. "Marvel not," he answered, "that we did not speak. A divine light laid bare to each of us the heart of the other. No words could have intelligibly expressed that language of the soul, or have imparted the same sacred consolation. So impotent is the tongue of man to utter divine mysteries."

Sabbatini, of whom we read only that he was *vir bonus et rectus*—Morico, a crusader, who had been miraculously cured by the prayers of Francis—John de Capella, "who, like another Judas, hanged himself at last"—Sylvester, who, in a dream, had seen the arms of Francis extended to either end of the world, while a golden cross reached from his lips to heaven—with four other worthies, of whom history has preserved only the names, followed the steps of the mystic Egidius. In the dilapidated hut of Rivo Torto, twelve poor men had now assembled. To a common observer they might have passed for the beggar king and his tattered crew. To the leader himself they appeared, more justly, an image of the brotherhood of which the patriarchal family had been the type, and the apostolic college the antitype.

The morning had dawned over the hills from which the Rivo Torto flows, and long had been the prayer of Francis, when, rising from his knees, he called his brethren to him, and thus addressed them. "Take courage, and shelter yourselves in God. Be not depressed to think how few we are. Be not alarmed either at your own weakness, or at mine. God has revealed to me that he will diffuse through the earth this our little family, of which he is himself the Father. I would have concealed what I have seen, but love constrains me to impart it to you. I have seen a great multitude coming to us, to wear our dress, to live as we do. I have seen all the roads crowded with men travelling in eager haste towards us. The French are coming. The Spaniards are hastening. The English and the Germans are running. All nations are mingling together. I hear the tread of the numbers who go and come to execute the commands of holy obedience." "We seem contemptible and insane. But fear not. Believe that our Saviour, who has overcome the world, will speak effectually in us. If gold should lie in our way, let us value it as the dust beneath our feet. We will not, however, condemn or despise the rich who live softly, and are arrayed sumptuously. God, who is our master, is theirs also. But go and preach repentance for the remission of sins. Faithful men, gentle, and full of charity, will receive you and your words with joy. Proud and impious men will condemn and oppose you. Settle it in your hearts to endure all things with meekness and patience. The wise and the noble will soon join themselves to you, and, with you, will preach to kings, to princes, and to nations. Be patient in tribulation, fervent in prayer, fearless in labor, and the kingdom of God, which endures forever, shall be your reward."

Such, we are assured by his three companions, was the inaugural discourse of Francis to his disciples. Then drawing on the earth on which he stood a figure of the cross, each limb of which was turned to one of the four cardinal points of the com-

pass, and arranging his companions in the four corresponding lines, he dismissed each of them with the solemn benediction—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall nourish thee." The new missionaries departed to their work of mercy, and Francis himself retired to the solitude of the hut of Rivo Torto.

In that retirement an arduous duty awaited him. He drew up there, in twenty-three chapters, the rule of his new monastic order, "the Magna Charta of Poverty." It did not essentially differ from the similar institutes of the Benedictines. To the vows of chastity and obedience was however to be added a solemn vow of poverty. His brethren were to labor with their hands, and were to be maintained by alms. But they were to solicit alms, not as suitors for a gratuitous favor, but as assertors of a positive right, which Christ himself had bestowed on the poor. A code of higher authority than any human laws had imposed on the rich the office, and the obligations, of stewards for such as had need of sustenance. The indigent were the real proprietors of all earthly treasures. The food on which Dives fared sumptuously belonged of right to Lazarus; and Dives could acquire an equal title to be fed, only by lying, in his turn, a beggar at the gate.

A doctrine always so welcome to the great body of mankind could never have been announced with a surer prospect of a wide and cordial acceptance than in the commencement of the thirteenth century. But the establishment in the church of a polity thus democratic, seemed no easy enterprise. The sanction of him who wore the triple crown could, it seemed, be scarcely expected for an institute so menacing to all sovereigns, whether secular or spiritual. Yet, without that sanction, the founder might become an heresiarch as guilty as Peter Waldo, and his followers obnoxious to punishments as terrible as those of the Albigenses. It was in the summer of the year 1210 that Francis, accompanied by two or three of his disciples, made a pilgrimage to Rome, to propitiate, if possible, to these startling novelties, the formidable potentate who then bore the keys and the sword of Peter.

The splendid palace of the Lateran reflected the rays of the evening sun as the wayworn travellers approached it. A group of churchmen in sumptuous apparel were traversing with slow and measured steps its lofty terrace, then called "the Mirror," as if afraid to overtake Him who preceded them in a dress studiously simple, and with a countenance wrapt in earnest meditation. Unruffled by passion, and yet elate with conscious power, that eagle eye, and those capacious brows, announced him the lord of a dominion which might have satisfied at once the pride of Diogenes and the ambition of Alexander. Since the Tugurium was built on the Capitoline, no greater monarch had ever called the seven hills his own. But in his pontificate no era had occurred more arduous than that in which Innocent the Third saw the mendicants of Assisi prostrate themselves at his feet.

Twelve years had elapsed since his elevation to the pontifical throne. In that period he had converted into realities the most audacious visions of Hildebrand. He had exacted the oath of fealty to himself from all the imperial officers of the city. He had seized on the marches of Ancona and Umbria. He had annulled the election of Frederick, the infant son of the deceased emperor, and as vicar of Christ on earth, had substituted for him the young Otto of Brunswick, whom he afterwards excommunicated. He had laid France under an

interdict to punish the divorce of Philip Augustus. He had given away the crowns of Bohemia and Bulgaria. He had received homage from John for the crown of England; and, availing himself of Count Baldwin's capture of Constantinople, he had become the arbiter of the fortunes of the eastern empire. So far all had been triumphant. But dark clouds had now arisen, which may well be supposed to have shaped and colored the evening reverie of this great conqueror, when it was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Francis and his companions.

The interruption was as unwelcome as it was abrupt. As he gazed at the squalid dress and faces of his strange suitors, and observed their bare and unwashed feet, his lip curled with disdain, and, sternly commanding them to withdraw, he seemed again to retire from the outer world into some of the deep recesses of that capacious mind. Francis and his companions betook themselves to prayer; Innocent to his couch. There (says the legend) he dreamt that a palm-tree sprouted up from the ground between his feet, and swiftly shooting up into the heavens, cast her boughs on every side, a shelter from the heat and a refreshment to the weary. The vision of the night (so proceeds the tale) dictated the policy of the morning, and assured Innocent that, under his fostering care, the Franciscan palm would strike deep her roots, and expand her foliage on every side, in the vineyard of the church.

Never, however, was there a time when the councils of Rome were less under the influence of narcotics of any kind. It must have been in the vigils, not in the slumbers, of the night, that the pontiff revolved the incidents of the preceding evening, and perceived their full significance. Yet why deliberate at all when it is impossible to err? Infallibility should advance to truth by one free intuitive bound, not hobbling on the crutches of inquiry and inference. It is among the mysteries which we are bound to revere in silence, that, whether in solitude or in synods, the inspired wisdom of Rome has always groped its way by the aid of human reasonings. No record remains of those which now governed the resolves of Innocent; but an obvious conjecture may supply them.

The great traditional maxim of the papal dynasty has ever been, to direct the tendencies of each succeeding age, by grasping and controlling the springs of action from which the spirit of each successively derives its mould, and form, and fashion. From every province of his spiritual empire had recently reached the pontiff tidings of the appearance and rapid diffusion of a spirit full of menace to all thrones, and urgently demanding subjugation. It might be called the fraternizing spirit. It manifested itself in the creation of brotherhoods as barriers against despotism, both feudal and ecclesiastical. In all the chief cities of Europe, the merchants, citizens, and workmen, were forming themselves into guilds, and electing their own syndics and magistrates. Already might be discerned the active germs of the great commercial commonwealths of Florence, Pisa, and Genoa; of Frankfurt, Ghent, and Bruges; of Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen; and those of the no less great commercial corporations of London, Bristol, and Norwich. Still more numerous were the religious associations which, in one vast, though incoherent alliance, opposed the pride and luxury of their spiritual lords. From the Guadalquivir to the Elbe—from the Thames to the Tiber—swarms of such socialists practised, or seemed to practise, extreme austerities, and inculcated doc-

trines abhorred of the orthodox and the faithful. Obscurely distinguished from each other as Patarins, Cathari, Bons-Hommes, Poor men of Lyons, Josephines, Flagellants, Publicani, and Waldenses, or grouped together under the general term of Albigenses, they rejected the sacraments of marriage and penance, and disbelieved the magical influence of baptism and the eucharist. They denied the lawfulness of oaths and of capital punishments. They maintained that no divine ordinance was valid if administered by a priest in mortal sin. They taught that the successors of the apostles were bound to succeed to the apostolic poverty; and since none so well fulfilled that hereditary obligation as themselves, they thought that none were equally well entitled to discharge the apostolic office.

To refute these errors, Rome had employed her most irrefragable arguments; the bitter curses of Lucius; the cruelties, beyond conception horrible, of Innocent. The brand, the scourge, and the sword, had fallen from the wearied hands of the ministers of his vengeance. Hundreds were cast alive into the furnace, and not a few plunged into the flames with exulting declarations of the faith for which they perished. The vicar of Christ bathed the banner of the cross in a carnage from which the wolves of Romulus, and the eagles of Cæsar, would have turned away with loathing. But the will of the sufferers was indomitable, and this new scourge of God was constrained to feel, that, from conquests which left the immortal spirit unsubdued, he could derive no effectual security, and no enduring triumph.

Such was the menacing aspect which Christendom presented to her sacerdotal head at the moment, when, after having first repulsed, he again summoned to his presence, the mendicants of Assisi. The other monastic orders formed so many ramparts round his throne. But neither the Benedictines with their splendid endowments, nor the Carthusians with their self-immolations, nor the Cistercians in their studious solitudes, nor the Templars and Hospitalers with their sharp swords, nor the Beguines and Maturins with their half-secular pursuits, could oppose any effective weapons to the migratory gossellers, who in every land toiled and preached and died, at once the martyrs and the devoted antagonists of his power. It was, then, in no dreaming phantasy, but in open vision, that the palm-tree sprung up between his feet, a new and a welcome shelter. The fervid speech, the resolved aspect, the lowly demeanor, the very dirt and wretchedness of those squalid vagrants, gave to that penetrating eye assurance of a devotedness which might rival and eclipse, and, perhaps, persuade those whom Simon de Montfort had in vain attempted to exterminate. And as, in later days, Aristotelian innovations were neutralized by scholastic subtleties; the all-emancipating press by the soul-subduing miracles of art; the impassioned revolt of Luther by the ardent allegiance of Loyola: so now the ill-organized confederacy of the reformers of Western Europe might be counteracted by a zeal as impetuous as their own, but more efficient when guided by the unerring sagacity of the Roman conclave. The popular watchwords of Poverty, Contenance, Lowliness, and Self-denial, would no longer be used only as reproaches on the Roman hierarchy, but as the war-cry of the self-mortified adherents of Rome. Her enthusiastic missionaries, commanding the sympathy of the multitude, would direct it in holy indignation against the vices of the mitre and the coronet, but in pious loyalty towards

the tiara which had rested for a thousand years on the brows of the successors of Peter.

With such prescience, Innocent recalled the youth whose first overtures he had contemptuously rejected. He now accepted them, cordially indeed, yet with characteristic caution. The laws of the proposed order of Minorites were examined, discussed, and approved. Heedless of the sinister predictions of the sacred college, the pope was willing to recognize, in the severity of their discipline, the perfection which Christ himself requires; and Francis, having plighted solemn vows of obedience, and having received in turn a no less solemn apostolic blessing, departed from the Lateran with an *unwritten* approbation of his rule.

Inflamed with holy ardor for the conversion of men, and for the defence of the fortress and centre of the Catholic faith, he returned to his native city. His toilsome march was a genuine ovation. His steps were followed by admiring crowds; church-bells rang out their peals at his approach; processions chanting solemn litanies advanced to meet him; enraptured devotees kissed his clothes, his hands, his feet; proselytes of either sex, and of every rank and age, repeated the vows of poverty, continence, obedience, and labor; and as the words passed from mouth to mouth, other vows mingled with them, devoting lands, convents, and monasteries, to the use of those whose abandonment of all worldly wealth was thus enthusiastically celebrated. Superb inconsistency! No homage, however extravagant, is refused by mankind to a will at once inflexible and triumphant; so great is the reverence unconsciously rendered, even by the least reflecting, to the great mystery of our nature;—the existence in man of volitions and of resolves not absorbed in the Supreme Will, but, in some enigmatic sense distinct from it. The simple-hearted Francis had a readier solution. "They honor God," he exclaimed, "in the vilest of his creatures." Whatever may have been the motive of the donors, the fact is certain, that on his return from Rome, the spouse of Poverty received for the use of his spiritual offspring a formal grant of the church of St. Mary of Angels, or the Porzioncula, which his pious zeal had reinstated.

Among the saints of the Roman calendar few enjoy a more exalted renown than St. Clare, a scion of the noble house of Ortolana. "Clara," so runs the bull of her canonization, "*claris præclara meritis, magnæ in celo claritate gloriæ, ac in terra miraculorum sublimium, clare claret.*" Even before her birth a voice from heaven had announced that her course of life was to be a brilliant one, and at the instance of her mother, to whom the promise had been addressed, she therefore received at the baptismal font the significant name on which, after her death, Pope Alexander the Fourth was to play this jingle. From her childhood she had justified the appellation. Beneath her costly robes, and the jewels which adorned them, she wore the penitential girdle; and vain were the efforts of countless suitors to win a heart already devoted to the heavenly Bridegroom. The fame of her piety reached the ears of Francis. She admired the lustre of his sanctity. The mutual attraction was felt and acknowledged. They met, conferred, and met again. By his advice an elopement from the house of her parents was arranged, and by his assistance it was effected. They fled to the Porzioncula. Monks, chanting their matins by torch-light, received and welcomed her there; and then, attended by her spiritual guide, she took sanctuary in the

neighboring church of St. Paul until arrangements could be made for her reception in a convent. The heroine of the romance was in her nineteenth, the hero in his thirtieth year. Yet she was not an Eloisa, but only one of those young ladies (all good angels guard them!) by whom the ether of sacerdotal eloquence cannot be safely inhaled in private. He was not an Abelard, but only one of those ghostly counsellors (all good angels avert them!) who would conduct souls to heaven by the breach of the earliest and most sacred of the duties which He who reigns there has laid upon us. Such, indeed, was the superiority of Francis to any prejudice in favor of filial obedience and parental authority, that despite the agony and the rage of her father, and the efforts of his armed retainers, he induced her two sisters, Agnes and Beatrice, to follow her flight and to partake of her seclusion. The shears which severed the clustering locks of Agnes, were held, we are assured, by his own consecrated hands.

So bewitching an example was, of course, fatal to many other flowing tresses, and to the serenity of the heads they covered. The church of St. Damiano, which the zeal of Francis had reconstructed, became the convent of the order of poor sisters. Monks cannot cease to be men; and, in their silent cells, the hearts of the Minor brethren throbbed to learn that their cravings for woman's sympathy were thus, at least, partially satisfied. Under the guidance of the ladies of the house of Ortolana, and the legislation of their common founder, colonies of this devout sisterhood were rapidly settled in all the chief cities of Europe; and Clara, the disobedient and the devout, being elected the first abbess of the order, performed miracles of self-conquest in her lifetime, and miracles of mercy in the tomb.

At the summit of his hopes, Francis surveyed the path which yet lay before him; and his spirit fainted at the prospect. Renown, influence, supremacy, had gathered round him, and his soul was oppressed with the responsibilities of trusts so weighty, and for the use of which he was wholly unprepared by any literary or theological education. In words which he ascribes to Francis himself, St. Bonaventura depicts the conflict of his mind on the grave question, whether, by a life of solitary devotion, or by a life of apostolic labors, he should best fulfil the divine counsels. If the quotation of his language be accurate, it is evident that he inclined to the more active choice, but dreaded to oppose to the wisdom of his age the foolishness of such preaching as his untaught mind and unpractised tongue could utter. If the difficulty itself is characteristic of him, the escape from it is still more so.

Silvester, one of his associates at the Rivo Torto, still remained in the adjacent mountains, a hermit absorbed in devotion. To him, and to Clara, Francis despatched injunctions to ascertain what was the pleasure of the great Head of the church on this momentous question. The answers of the hermit and the abbess were the same. To each it had been revealed that the founder of their order should go forth and preach. God, they assured him, would put words into his mouth. To receive the joint message he knelt on the earth, his head bare and bowed down, his hands crossed over his breast. On hearing it he vaulted from the ground, crying, "Let us go forth in the name of the Lord!" At his first appearance as a preacher, burning eloquence burst from his lips, diseases fled at his touch,

sinner abandoned their vices, and crowds flocked into his order. Every day witnessed the increase of the numbers and zeal of his proselytes; and on the 30th of May, 1216, a goodly company, constituting the first chapter of the order of the Minor brethren, had assembled at the Porzioncula.

This convention was rendered memorable in their annals by the apportionment which was then made of the Christian world into so many Franciscan missions. For himself, the founder reserved the kingdom of France, as the noblest and most arduous province. Tuscany, Lombardy, Provence, Spain, and Germany, were assigned to five of his principal followers. Such were now their numbers that thirty-four departed for Provence, and no less than sixty found their way to the empire. The land of the Ghibellines, the future birth-place of Luther, formed, however, even in the 13th century, an exception to the welcome with which, in other parts of Europe, these new emissaries of Rome were enthusiastically received. Of the itinerants along the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, not one could make himself intelligible in the German tongue. Destitute of the ever ready resource of miracle, (it is difficult to conjecture why,) they could not convince a people with whom they could not communicate, and were driven away with ridicule and outrage.

The French mission received a yet more unexpected check. To place this great undertaking under the special care of St. Peter and St. Paul, Francis commenced his journey by visiting their sepulchres. Rome had at that time received another, not less memorable, guest, since known in the calendar of the saints by the name of Dominick. He was a Spaniard, the member of a noble house, a man of letters, and a priest. Amid the horrors of the crusade against the Albigenses, and while himself deeply stained with that blood-guiltiness, he had preached repentance, and inculcated orthodoxy. And now, a sojourner in the metropolis of Christendom, he saw in a vision Christ himself possessed with wrath against mankind, (so well agreed his sleeping and his waking thoughts,) and then appeared to him the Virgin mother, appeasing her Son by presenting to him two men, in one of whom the dreamer saw his own image. The other was a stranger to him. When, with the return of light, he repaired to a neighboring church to worship, that stranger appeared there in the garb of a mendicant. "My brother, my companion," exclaimed the Spaniard, "let us unite our powers, and nothing shall prevail against us;" and forthwith the founders of the Dominican and Franciscan orders were in each other's arms. They met again at the palace of the Cardinal Ugolino. He proposed to them the elevation of some of their followers to the episcopacy, and even to the sacred college. The offer was declined by both. Another ineffectual proposal was made by Dominick himself for the union of their separate institutes; and then, with earnest profession of mutual regard, and assurances of mutual support, they parted to divide the world between them.

To secure his share of that empire, Francis, however, found it necessary to abandon his contemplated mission. The sagacity of Ugolino had detected the intrigues and secret machinations of the enemies of this new spiritual power, and his authority induced the founder of it to remain at Rome, to counteract them. Subtlety, the tutelary genius of his country, and his natural ally on such an occasion, left him on this, as on so many other exigen-

cies, to the charge of the gentler power, Somnus, who, throwing open the ivory gates, exhibited to him, first a hen attempting in vain to gather her chickens under her wings, and then a majestic bird, gently alighting to spread her far-extended plumage over the unprotected brood. The interpretation was obvious. The pope must be persuaded to appoint Ugolino as protector of the unfledged nestlings of the Franciscan eyrie.

But Innocent was dead, and the third Honorius, a stranger to Francis, and studiously prepossessed against him, filled the papal throne. The cardinal proposed that the suitor for this new favor should win it by preaching in the sacred consistory, persuaded that the eloquence for which he was renowned must triumph over all opposing prejudices. Great were the throes of preparation. A sermon, composed with the utmost skill of the preacher, was engraven, with his utmost diligence, on his memory. But at the sight of that august audience, every trace of it departed from his mind, leaving him in utter confusion, and, as it seemed, in hopeless silence. A pause, a mental prayer, and one vehement self-conflict followed, and then abandoning himself to the natural current of his own ardent emotions, he poured forth his soul, in an address so full of warmth and energy, as to extort from the pope, and the whole college, the exclamation, that it was not he that spake, but the divinity which spoke within him. From such lips no request could be preferred in vain; and Ugolino was nominated by Honorius to the high and confidential post of protector to the Minorite brethren.

In the month of May, 1219, (the 10th year of the Franciscan era, the inhabitants of Assisi looked from their walls on a vast encampment surrounding the Porzioncula as a centre, and spreading over the wide plain on which the city stands. Five thousand mendicants had there met together to celebrate the second general chapter of their order. Huts of straw and mud afforded them shelter. The piety of the neighboring towns and villages supplied them with food. Each group or company of sixty or a hundred formed a distinct congregation, offering up prayers in common, or listening to discourses, of which the future conquest of the world was the theme. Then at the word, and under the guidance, of their chief, the separate bands, forming themselves into one long procession, advanced with solemn chants, or in still more solemn silence, to the city of Perugia. There Ugolino met them, and casting off his mantle, his hat, and his shoes, was conducted by his exulting clients, in the habit of a Minor brother, to the place of their great assembly. "Behold," exclaimed the astonished patron, to the founder of the order, "behold the camp of God! How goodly are thy tents, O Israel, and thy dwellings, O Jacob!"

The words fell mournfully on the ear of Francis. As his eye scanned the triumphs of that auspicious hour, sadness brooded over his soul. He felt, like other conquerors, that the laurel wreath is too surely entwined with cypress, and discovered the dark auguries of decay in the unexpected rapidity of his success. Brief, therefore, and melancholy, was his answer to the cardinal's congratulations. "We have made," he said, "large promises, we have received yet larger. Let us accomplish the one, and aspire after the fulfilment of the other. These pleasures are brief. There are pains which are eternal. Our sufferings are light, but there is a far more exceeding weight of glory. Many are

called, few are chosen. To every man a recompense according to his works. Above all things, my brethren, love the holy church, and pray for her exaltation. But cling to poverty. Is it not written, cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall nourish thee?"

Again the heart of Ugolino throbbed as he surveyed the multitude devoted to works of mercy and of self-denial, and he commended while he blessed them. Again was raised the sterner voice of their spiritual father, rebuking the soft weakness with which they had welcomed and enjoyed such unmerited praise. Pained and mortified, the cardinal asked the motive of this ill-timed severity. "My lord, I have reproved them," was the answer, "that they may not lose the lowliness you have been extolling; and that humility may strike her roots more deeply into their hearts."

Unfamiliar as he was with the subtleties, scholastic or politic, of his age, Francis was a shrewd observer of the characters and the ways of men. He perceived that the zealous protector of his order was a still more zealous member of the Roman conclave, and that to attach the foremost of the Minor brethren to the cause and service of the papacy, he had dazzled their eyes with prospects of mitres, and even of the purple. He discovered that they had conferred with the cardinal on their own exclusion from the government of the society, on the want both of health and of learning in their head, and on the excessive rigor and singularity of his rule. He saw in these Dathans and Abirams of his camp the rising spirit of revolt, and he proceeded at once to subdue it with his accustomed energy. The chapter of the order was in session, when, conducting Ugolino thither, Francis addressed to them and to him these stern and menacing words: "My brethren, God has commanded me, in foolishness and humility, to copy the foolishness of the cross. Let me hear of no other rule than that which he has thus established. Dread the divine vengeance, all ye who obtain it, all ye who seduce others to backslide." The silence which followed on this apostrophe, and on the departure of the speaker, was at length broken by the cardinal. He exhorted the congregation to obey implicitly their apostolic founder, on whom, he declared, the divine influence was evidently resting. Evident, at least, it had become, that the day of secular greatness could not dawn on the children of Poverty till her spouse should have ceased to govern them.

To divert their minds from such disloyal thoughts, Francis occupied them with the promulgation of rules respecting the worship of the Virgin, of Peter and of Paul, and the structure of their ecclesiastical edifices. To elicit their loyal affections, he laid before them a project for the spiritual conquest of the whole habitable globe. For himself he reserved the seat of the war between the Crusaders and the Saracens. To each of his foremost disciples he assigned a separate mission, and he dismissed them with letters from the pope, commending them to the care of all ecclesiastical dignitaries, and with a circular epistle from himself, bearing this superscription; "To all potentates, governors, consuls, judges, and magistrates on the earth, and to all others to whom these presents shall come, brother Francis, your unworthy servant in the Lord, sendeth greeting and peace." Armed with these credentials, the propagandists of Assisi dispersed, some to found monasteries in Spain, some to preach the Gospel in the empire, some to rival the socialists of France, some to become professors at Oxford,

and some to provoke martyrdom in Morocco; but never again to be convened by their "general minister" to consult together in a deliberative chapter. It was an experiment too hazardous for repetition, a risk to be dreaded far more than any which awaited him among the warriors of the crescent, or the champions of the cross.

These were now drawn in hostile array under the walls of Damietta, and there he joined them. The confusion of the camp of Agramante was but a feeble image of that which he found in the host of the titular King of Jerusalem, John de Brienne;—cavaliers and footmen, all emulous of fame, all impatient of obedience, all insisting on being led into action, all interchanging bitter contumelies, and all willing to cut each other's throats, if no better employment could be found for their swords. Like another Micaiah, Francis foretold the disastrous results of a combat about to be waged, under the shelter of holy names, but in the wanton insolence of human passion. Like him he saw all Israel scattered like sheep upon the mountains; but like him he prophesied in vain. The mutinous troops hurried their leader into the field, and the loss of six thousand of the Christians attested the prescience of their unwelcome monitor.

In the midst of feats of arms and agonies of toils and suffering, admonition was, however, an office too humble to satisfy the desires of a soul cast in a mould so heroic as his. He was a strategist as well as a saint, and, in this day of sorrow and rebuke, found a meet occasion to exhibit the whole strength of his belligerent resources. During many successive hours, he knelt and was absorbed in prayer. Then rising with a countenance radiant with joy and courage, he advanced towards the infidel camp, chanting as he marched, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." A gold besant was the price of the head of a Christian. But what were such terrors to an evangelist about to close the war by the conversion of the Soldan himself? From every incident he drew fresh confidence. When he saw the flocks collected for the consumption of the Saracens, "Behold," he cried "I send you forth as sheep among wolves." When seized by the Saracens themselves, and asked by whom, and why, he had been sent to "their lines," he answered, "I am not sent of man but of God, to show to you the way of salvation." When carried before their chief, and courteously invited to remain in his tent, "Yes," he exclaimed, "I will remain if you and your people will become converts for the love of Jesus Christ. If you hesitate, kindle a furnace, and I and your priests will enter it together, and the result shall show you whether truth is on my side or on theirs." The most venerable of the Imauns shuddered and withdrew, and the smiling commander of the faithful avowed his doubt whether he could find a priest to encounter the ordeal. "Only promise to become a Christian," replied Francis, "and I will enter the furnace alone; but if I should be burnt, conclude not that my message is false, but only that it has reached you by one who, bearing it unworthily, is justly punished for his sins." Still obdurate, but still courteous, the infidel chief offered rich presents to his stout-hearted visitor, and with a guard of honor, and a safe-conduct, dismissed him to the Christian camp.

That the head of the missionary was neither bartered for a gold besant by the soldiers, nor amputated by the scimitar of their leader, may be

explained either by the oriental reverence for supposed insanity, or by the universal reverence for self-denying courage, or by the motives which induced the lion to lie quietly down and turn his tail on the drawn sword and eloquent taunts of the Knight of La Mancha. To the Eagle of Meaux, however, this adventure presents itself in a more brilliant light. "François," he exclaims "indigné de se voir ainsi respecté par les ennemis de son maître, recommence ses invectives contre leur religion monstrueuse; mais, étrange et merveilleuse insensibilité! ils ne lui témoignent pas moins de déférence; et le brave athlète de Jésus Christ, voyant qu'il ne pouvait mériter qu'ils lui donnassent la mort: 'Sortons d'ici, mon frère,' disait-il à son compagnon, 'fuyons, fuyons bien loin de ces barbares, trop humains pour nous, puisque nous ne les pouvons obliger, ni à adorer notre maître, ni à nous persécuter; nous qui sommes ses serviteurs. Oh Dieu! quand mériterons nous le triomphe de martyre si nous ne trouvons que des honneurs, même parmi les peuples les plus infidèles! Puisque Dieu ne nous juge pas dignes de la grâce du martyre, ni de participer à ses glorieux opprobres, allons-nous-en, mon frère; allons achever notre vie dans le martyre de la pénitence, ou cherchons quelque endroit de la terre où nous puissions boire à longs traits l'ignominie de la croix.'"

Such places were readily found. In Spain, in Provence, and in Northern Italy, Francis everywhere preached to crowds hanging on his lips, and though the ignominy of the cross may have been his theme, it must be confessed that the admiration of mankind was his habitual reward. But amidst the applause of the world, his heart yearned after his native Umbria, where his order had first struggled into sight, and where it was now to receive its final development.

In his missions through Europe he had discovered that his institutes of Minor brethren, and of poor sisters, bound to celibacy, to poverty, and to obedience, were erected on a basis far too narrow for the universal empire at which he aimed. Marriage was incompatible with the first of these vows, worldly callings with the second, and secular dignities with the last. But though wives, and trades, and lordships were incompatible with "perfection," they might be reconciled with admission into a lower or third estate of his order, where, as in the court of the Gentiles, those might worship to whom a nearer approach to the sanctuary was interdicted. With the design of thus throwing open the vestibule of the temple to the uninitiated, a supplemental code was promulgated, in the year 1221, for what was to be called "The Order of Penitence."

The members of it were to take no vows whatever. Engaging to submit themselves to certain rules of life, it was agreed that the breach of those rules should not involve the guilt of mortal sin. They required the restitution of all unjust gains, a reconciliation with all enemies, and obedience to the commands of God and of the church. The members of the order were to wear a mean and uniform dress. Their houses and furniture were to be plain and frugal, though not without consulting the proprieties of their social rank. All luxuriousness in animal delights, and all the lusts of the eye, were to be mortified; all theatres, feasts, and worldly amusements eschewed. Their disputes were to be settled, with all possible promptitude, by compromises or by arbitrement. Every member of the order was to make his will. They were never to take a nonjudicial oath, nor to bear arms,

except in defence of the church, the Catholic faith, or their native land.

The founder of such a confederacy must have had some of the higher qualities of a legislator. It would be difficult even now, with all the aid of history and philosophy, to devise a scheme better adapted to restrain the licentiousness, to soften the manners, and to mitigate all the oppressions of an iron age. Secular men and women were combined with ardent devotees, in one great society, under a code flexible as it addressed the one, and inexorable as it applied to the other, of those classes; and yet a code, which imposed on all the same general obligations, the same undivided allegiance, the same ultimate ends, and many of the same external badges. Christianity itself, when first promulgated, must to heathen eyes have had an aspect not wholly unlike that which originally distinguished the third estate of the Franciscan orders; and rapid as may have been the corruption and decline of that estate, it would be mere prejudice or ignorance to deny that it sustained an important office in the general advancement of civilization and of truth.

In the times of Francis himself and of his immediate successors, the Franciscan cord (the emblem of the restraint in which the soul of man is to hold the Beast to which it is wedded) was to be seen on countless multitudes in the market-place, in the universities, in the tribunals, and even on the throne. In the camp it was still more frequent, for there was much latent significance in the exceptional terms by which the general prohibition of military service had been qualified for the members of the Order of Penitence. In the early part of the 13th century, "the defence of the church, of the Catholic faith, and of their native land," was to Italian ears an intelligible periphrasis for serving either under the standard of the cross against the Albigenses, or under the standard of the Guelphs against the Ghibellines; and the third estate of the Minorites formed an enthusiastic, patriotic, and religious chivalry, which the pope could direct at pleasure against either his theological or his political antagonists.

And now it remained that Francis should receive the appropriate rewards of the services which he had rendered to Rome, to the world and to the church—to Rome, in surrounding her with new and energetic allies; to the world, in creating a mighty corporation formidable to baronial and to mitred tyrants; to the church, in supplying her with a noble army of evangelists, who braved every danger, and endured every privation, to diffuse throughout Christendom such light as they themselves possessed. The debt was acknowledged, and paid, by each.

In the bitterness of his heart, Francis was weeping over the sins of mankind, in the shrine of St. Mary of Angels, when a revelation was made to him, which, though described with ease and familiarity by a host of Catholic writers, the weaker faith, or the greater reverence, of Protestantism cannot venture to paint with the same minuteness. All that can be decorously stated is, that the Virgin mother, her attendant angels, her divine Son, and their devout worshipper, are exhibited by the narrative as interlocutors in a sort of melo-dramatic action, which terminates in a promise from the Redeemer, that all who should visit that church, and confess themselves to a priest there, should receive a plenary remission from the guilt and punishment of all their sins, "provided" (such is the singular qualification of the promise) "that this general indulgence be ratified by him whom I have authorized to bind and to loose on earth."

On the following day, Francis was on his knees before the pope at Perugia. "Holy father," he began, "some years ago I reconstructed a little church on your domain. Grant, I implore you, to all pilgrims resorting thither, a plenary indulgence, and exempt the building from the imposts usually consequent on the grant of such privileges." "For how many years," said the pontiff, "do you desire the indulgence to be given?" "Give me not years," replied the suitor, "but souls, (*da mihi non annos, sed animos*), and let all who enter the church of Saint Mary of Angels in contrition, and who are there absolved by a priest, receive a full remission of their sins in this life, and in the life to come." "A vast gift, and contrary to all custom," observed the parsimonious dispenser of salvation. "But, holy father, I make the request not in my own name, but in the name of Christ, who has sent me to you." "Then be it so," exclaimed the pope, "but I limit to one day in each year the enjoyment of this advantage." The grateful Francis rose, bowed low his head, and was retiring, when the voice of the pope was again heard. "Simpleton, whither are you going? what evidence do you carry with you of the grant which you have been soliciting?" "Your word," replied the single-hearted suitor. "If this indulgence be of God, let the blessed Virgin be the charter, Christ the notary, and the angels the witnesses. I desire no other."

The traveller who in our day visits Assisi, finds himself surrounded by a population of about three thousand souls, and amidst the thirty churches and monasteries which attract his eye, he distinguishes, as preëminent above them all, the Sagro Convento, where repose the ashes of Saint Francis. It is a building of the sixteenth century, extending over the summit of a gentle eminence, at the base of the Apennines. A double row of gigantic arches, resembling one vast aqueduct erected on another, sustain a sumptuous terrace, which stands out against the evening sky, like the battlements of some impregnable fortress. The luxuriant gardens, and the rich meadows below, watered by a stream which gushes out from the adjacent mountains, encircle the now splendid church of St. Mary of Angels, where still may be traced the Porzioncula in which Francis worshipped, and the crypt in which his emaciated body was committed to the dust. And there also, on each returning year, may be seen the hardy mountaineers of Umbria, and the graceful peasants of Tuscany, and the solemn processions of the Franciscan orders, and the long array of civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, waiting till the chimes of the ancient clocks of the holy convent shall announce the advent of the day in which their sins are to be loosed on earth, and their pardon sealed in heaven.

Why demand the reasons of any part of a system which presupposes the renunciation of all reason? The promise given to Francis by the Saviour, and ratified by his vicar, was precise and definite. It insured a plenary remission of sin to all who should visit the hallowed Porzioncula with contrite hearts, and there receive priestly absolution. The promise, as interpreted by the eloquent Bourdaloue, seems equally absolute. From his sermon, "*Sur la fête de notre Dame des Anges*," we learn that indulgences granted by the pope may, after all, turn out to be worthless, since the cause of the gift may be insufficient, or some other essential condition may have been neglected. But in this case, the indulgence, having been granted directly by

Christ himself, must (says the great preacher) be infallible, for he must have known the extent of his own power, and must have been guided by eternal wisdom, and must be superior to all law in the free dispensation of his gifts.

Pause, nevertheless, all ye who meditate a pilgrimage to Assisi, in quest of this divine panacea! Put not your trust in Bourdaloue, but listen to the more subtle doctor of our own days, M. Chavin de Malan. From him you will learn that to all these large and free promises is attached yet another tacit condition; and that unless you renounce all sin, venial as well as mortal, unless the very desire to transgress have perished in your souls, unless your hearts be free from the slightest wish, the most transient voluntary attachment, towards any forbidden thing, you may be members of all religious orders, and join in all their pilgrimages and devotions, but the plenary indulgence shall never be yours. Pilgrims to Assisi! if such be not your happy state, it boots not to go thither. If such be your condition, why roam over this barren earth to find the heaven which is yours already?

Equivocal as the benefit of the papal reward may have been, the recompense which the world rendered by the hands of Orlando, Lord of Chiusi de Casentino, was at least substantial. At a solemn festival, at which the knight had made his profession of arms, Francis had pronounced the usual benediction on the symbols of his chivalry. Much discourse ensued on the spiritual state and prospects of this militant member of the church, when the grateful, and not improvident, Orlando, for the good of his soul, bestowed on the founder, and the companions of the order of Minor brethren, a tract of land amidst the highest summits of the Tuscan Apennines. Monte del Alvernia, now Lavernia, was a wild and sequestered region, covered with heath and rocks, and the primeval forest, and eminently adapted for a life of penitence. It became the favorite retreat of its new owners, and especially of their chief. Yet even in these solitudes he was not exempt from some grave inconveniences. By night, malignant demons afflicted him, dragging his defenceless body along the ground, and bruising him with cruel blows. When the sun burnt fiercely over his head, Orlando appeared with food, and with offers to erect cells and dormitories for the hermits, and to supply all their temporal wants, that they might surrender themselves wholly to prayer and meditation. But neither the enmity of the demons, nor the allurements of their unconscious ally, could seduce Francis from his fidelity to his wedded wife. In her society he wandered through the woods and caverns of Alvernia, relying for support on Him alone by whom the ravens are fed, and awakening the echoes of the mountains by his devout songs and fervent ejaculations.

It remained only that the church, in the person of her eternal head, should requite the services of her great reformer. The too familiar legend must be briefly told, for every one who would cherish in himself, or in others, the reverence due to the holy and the awful, must shrink from the approach to such a topic, and be unwilling to linger on it.

On the annual festival of Saint Michael the archangel, for the year 1224, Francis, and Leoni a member of his order, went together to worship at a church which had then been erected on Mount Alvernia. The *sortes sanctorum* were again consulted, by thrice opening the gospels, which lay upon the altar. On each occasion, the volume presented to their

eyes the history of the passion; and the coincidence was accepted by Francis as ominous of some great event which was about to happen to himself.

The hour arrived of the "holy sacrifice," when, as though to symbolize his disgust for earth, and his aspirations to heaven, the body of the saint slowly ascended heavenwards. When it had reached the ordinary height of a man, the feet were embraced and bathed with tears by Leoni, who stood beneath. Gradually it mounted beyond the range of human vision, but even then his voice was heard in discourse with the invisible, and a bright radiance attested the presence of the Redeemer. He was made manifest to the eye of his enraptured worshipper, in the form of a seraph moving on rapid wings, though fastened to a cross; and when the whole scene passed away, it was found that by radiations from this celestial figure, the body of Francis, like wax beneath the pressure of a seal, had acquired the sacred stigmata—that is, on either hand, and on either foot, marks exactly corresponding with the two opposite extremities of a rude iron nail, and on the side, a wound such as might have been inflicted by a spear.

This stupendous event happened on the 17th September; a day still consecrated by the church to the perpetual commemoration of it. No Christian, therefore, may doubt it; for St. Thomas, and all other theologians, assure us, that to doubt a "canonical fact," is rash, scandalous, and open to the just suspicion of heresy. Yet scepticism on the subject appears to have been of very early growth. Within thirteen years from the date of the occurrence, a Dominican preacher at Oppaw in Moravia, and the Bishop of Olmutz, had both published their utter disbelief of the whole story, and had condemned the propagation of it as sinful. For this audacious presumption, however, Ugolino, who then filled the papal throne under the title of Gregory the IXth., addressed to them both reproachful letters, which sufficiently attest his own faith in the prodigy. In the dense cloud of corroborative witnesses, may be distinguished his successor, Pope Alexander the Fourth, who, in a still extant bull, denounces the severest penalties on all gainsayers. Indeed, if Saint Bonaventura may be believed, Alexander went further still, and was used to declare that he had with his own eyes seen and admired the stigmata. And here is M. Chavin de Malan ready to abandon his reliance on all human testimony, if any one can convince him of the insufficiency of that on which his faith in this miracle reposes.

When the fishermen of Jordan shall have learnt how to stay her swellings with their nets, it will be time to encounter the soaring enthusiasm of M. Chavin de Malan by the cobwebs of human logic. When geometricians shall have ascertained the color of the circle, we may hope to arrive at an understanding with him as to the meaning of the terms in which he disputes. When critics shall have demonstrated, from the odes of Pindar, the polarization of light, he and we may be of one mind as to the laws by which our belief should be governed. Meanwhile, his rebukes for the hardness of our hearts shall not be repelled by any imputations touching the softness of his head. He and his fellow-worshippers regard it as eminently probable, that he by whom this universal frame of things has been created and sustained, should descend to this earth, to act so strange a part in so grotesque a drama as that of Mount Alvernia. If we could adopt the same opinion, we might with them give some heed even to the scanty, and most suspicious,

evidence on which these marvels rest. One prodigy, indeed, connected with this tale, we receive with implicit conviction and profound astonishment. It is, that in the city in which Louis Philippe reigns, in which Guizot and Thierry write, and in which Cousin lectures, there have arisen two learned historians, who, with impassioned eloquence, and unhesitating faith, reproduce a legend which would have been rejected as extravagant by the authors to whom we owe the "Arabian Nights," and as profane by those with whom Don Quixote was familiar.

Francis did not long survive the revelation of Mount Alvernia. Exhausted by vigils, by fastings, and by fatigue, he retired to Assisi. Leoni accompanied him. As they approached the city, the increasing weakness of the saint compelled him to seek the unwonted relief of riding. But as his companion followed behind, Francis divined his thoughts. In early life they had often journeyed together over the same road, the one ever conscious of his noble birth, the other never allowed to forget that his father was but a merchant. The contrast of the past and the present was too powerful to both of the travellers. Faint as he was, Francis dismounted from the ass which bore him, declaring that he could not retain the saddle while one so much his superior in rank was on foot.

He reached at length a hut near the convent of St. Damiano, where, under the care of Clara and her poor sisters, he found a temporary repose. Twelve months of utter incapacity for exertion followed. They were passed in the monastery of St. Mary of Angels. The autumn brought with it some brief intermission of his sufferings, and again his voice was heard throughout Umbria, preaching, as his custom was, in words few, simple, and pathetic; and when unable to teach by words, gazing with earnest tenderness on the crowds who thronged to receive his benediction and to touch his garments.

In this last mission, a woman of Bagnarea brought to him her infant to be healed. Francis laid his hands on the child, who recovered; and who afterwards, under the name of Bonaventura, became his biographer, the general minister of his order, a cardinal, a theologian, and a saint.

At the approach of death, Francis felt and acknowledged the horror common to all men, and especially to men of irritable nerves and delicate organization. But such feelings promptly yielded to his habitual affiance in the divine love, and to his no less habitual affection for all in whom he recognized the regenerate image of the divine nature. Among these was the Lady Jacoba di Settesoli; and to her he dictated a letter, requesting her immediate presence with a winding-sheet for his body, and tapers for his funeral, and with the cakes she had been used to give him during his illness at Rome. Then pausing, he bade his amanuensis tear the letter, expressing his conviction that Jacoba was at hand. She appeared, and so deep was her emotion as to have suggested to the bystanders (to whom apparently her existence had till then been unknown) the vague and oppressive sense of some awful mystery. With no failure of the reverence due to so great a man, it may, however, be reasonably conjectured, that in Jacoba he had found that intense and perfect sympathy to which the difference of sex is essential, and which none but the pure in heart have ever entertained.

Her cakes were again eaten by the sick man, but without any abatement of his malady. Elia, who

during his illness had acted as general minister of his order, and Bernard de Quintavalle, his first proselyte, were kneeling before him. To each of them he gave a part of one of the cakes of Jacoba, and then crossing his arms so as to bring his right hand over the head of Bernard, (whose humility had chosen the left or inferior position,) he solemnly blessed them both, and bequeathed to Bernard the government of the whole Franciscan society. He then dictated his last will, in which the rules he had already promulgated were explained and enforced, and his followers were solemnly commended to the guidance and the blessing of the Most High.

His last labor done, he was laid, in obedience to his own command, on the bare ground. The evening, we are told, was calm, balmy, and peaceful, the western sky glowing with the mild and transparent radiance which follows the setting of an autumnal sun behind the lofty hills of central Italy. At that moment the requiem for the dying ceased, as the faltering voice of Francis was heard, in the language of David, exclaiming, "Voce meâ ad Dominum clamavi!" His attendants bent over him as he pursued the divine song, and caught his last breath as he uttered, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may give thanks unto thy name."

Some there are, total strangers to man's interior life, who find for themselves in the objects of concupiscence a living tomb; these are the sensual and the worldly. Some, for whom the world within is detached from the world without them, by hard, sharp, clear lines of demarcation; these are the men of practical ability. Some, who, from every idol of the theatre, fashion to themselves some idol of the cavern; these are the votaries of poetry or art. Some, to whom all substantial things are permanently eclipsed by the imagery of the brain; these are the insane. And some, to whom every cherished idea of their minds gives assurance of a corresponding objective reality; these are the mystics and enthusiasts—men of an amphibious existence—inhabitants alternately of the world of shadows, and of the world of solidities—their dreams passing into action, their activity subsiding into dreams—a by-word to the sensual and the worldly, an enigma to the practical, a study to the poet, and not rarely ending as fellow-prisoners with the insane.

To this small section of the human family belonged Francis of Assisi, a mere self-contradiction to those who beheld him incuriously; in one aspect a playful child, in the next a gloomy anchorite; an arch smile of drollery stealing at times across features habitually sacred to sorrow and devotion; passing from dark forebodings into more than human ecstasies; a passionate lover of nature, yet living by choice in crowds and cities; at once an erotic worshipper, and a proficient in the practical business of the religious state; outstripping in his transcendental raptures the pursuit of criticism and conjecture, and yet drawing up codes and canons with all the precision of a notary.

The reconciliation of all this was not, however, hard to find. Francis was an absolute prodigy of faith, and especially of faith in himself. Whatever he saw in the *camera lucida* of his own mind, he received implicitly as the genuine reflection of some external reality. Every metaphor with which he dallied became to him an actual personage, to be loved or to be hated. It was scarcely as a fiction that he wooed Poverty as his wife. Each living thing was a brother or a sister to him, in a sense which almost ceased to be figurative. To all inani-

mate beings he ascribed a personality and a sentient nature, in something more than a sport of fancy. At every step of his progress, celestial visitants hovered round him, announcing their presence sometimes in visible forms, sometimes in audible voices. The Virgin mother was the lady of his heart; her attendant angels but so many knights companions in his spiritual chivalry; the church a bride in glorious apparel; and her celestial Spouse the object of a passion which acknowledged no restraint either in the vehemence of spirit with which it was cherished, or in the fondness of the language in which it was expressed. It was inevitable that the inhabitant of such a world as this should have manifested himself to the vulgar denizens of earth in ceaseless contrasts and seeming incongruities; so essential were the differences between the ever-varying impulses on which he soared, and the unvarying motives in the strength of which they plodded.

Though Bonaventura was but a child at the death of Francis, he possessed and diligently used the means of studying his character, and has labored in the following passage, with more earnestness than perspicuity, to depict his interior life:—

"Who can form a conception of the fervor and the love of Francis, the friend of Christ? You would have said that he was burnt up by divine love, like charcoal in the flames. As often as his thoughts were directed to that subject, he was excited as if the chords of his soul had been touched by the plectrum of an inward voice. But as all lower affections elevated him to this love of the supreme, he yielded himself to the admiration of every creature which God has formed, and from the summit of this observatory of delights he watched the causes of all things, as they unfolded themselves to him under living forms. Among the beautiful objects of nature, he selected the most lovely; and, in the forms of created things, he sought out, with ardor, whatever appeared especially captivating, rising from one beauty to another as by a ladder, with which he scaled to the highest and the most glorious."

Birds, insects, plants, and fishes are variously regarded, in a culinary, a scientific, a picturesque, or a poetical point of view. To Francis of Assisi they were friends, kinsmen, and even congregations. Doves were his especial favorites. He gathered them into his convents, laid them in his bosom, taught them to eat out of his hand, and pleased himself with talking of them as so many chaste and faithful brethren of the order. In the lark which sprung up before his feet, he saw a Minorite sister, clad in the Franciscan color, who, like a true Franciscan, despised the earth, and soared towards heaven with thanksgivings for her simple diet. When a nest of those birds fought for the food he brought them, he not only rebuked their inhumanity, but prophesied their punishment. His own voice rose with that of the nightingale in rural vespers, and at the close of their joint thanksgivings, he praised, and fed, and blessed his fellow-worshipper. "My dear sisters," he exclaimed to some starlings who chattered around him as he preached, "you have talked long enough, it is my turn now; listen to the word of your Creator, and be quiet." The very sermon addressed by the saint to such an audience, yet lives in the pages of his great biographer. "My little brothers," it began, "you should love and praise the Author of your being, who has clothed you with plumage, and given you wings with which to fly where you will.

You were the first created of all animals. He preserved your race in the ark. He has given the pure atmosphere for your dwelling-place. You sow not, neither do you reap. Without any care of your own, he gives you lofty trees to build your nests in, and watches over your young. Therefore give praise to your bountiful Creator."

The well-known instinct by which irrational animals discover and attach themselves to their rational friends, was exhibited whenever Francis came abroad. The wild falcon wheeled and fluttered round him. The leveret sought rather to attract than to escape his notice. The half-frozen bees crawled to him in winter time to be fed. A lamb followed him even into the city of Rome, and was playfully cherished there by Jacoba di Settesoli under the name of a Minor brother.

These natural incidents became, in the hands of his monkish biographers, so many miracles fit only for the nursery. Let us not, however, upbraid them. Without apology, as without doubt, M. Chavin de Malan, in the year 1845, and from the city of Paris, informs us, that when Francis addressed his feathered congregation they stretched out their necks to imbibe his precepts;—that, at his bidding, the starlings ceased to chatter while he preached;—that, in fulfilment of his predictions, the naughty larks died miserably;—that the falcon announced to him in the mountains the hour of prayer, though with gentler voice and a tardier summons, when the saint was sick;—that Jacoba was aroused to her devotions by her lamb with severe punctuality;—that an ovicidal wolf, being rebuked by this ecclesiastical Orpheus for his carnivorous deeds, placed his paw in the hand of his monitor in pledge of his future good behavior, and like a wolf of honor, never more indulged himself in mutton. Yet M. Chavin de Malan is writing a learned and an eloquent history of the monastic orders. Such be thy gods, O Oxford!

In common with all the great thaumaturgists of the Church of Rome, Francis has abstained from recording his own prodigies. He was too honest and too lowly. No man could less be, to himself, the centre of his own thoughts. One central object occupied them all. He was a *Pan-Christian*. He saw the outer world not merely thronged with emblems, but instinct with the presence, of the Redeemer. The lamb he fondled was the Paschal sacrifice. The worm he guarded from injury was "the worm, and no man, the outcast of the people." The very stones (on which he never trod irreverently) were "the chief corner-stone" of the prophet. The flowers were the "blossoms of the stem of Jesse, the perfume of which gladdens the whole earth." The ox and the ass were his guests at a Christmas festival, which he gave in the forest not long before his death, and while they steadily ate the corn provided for them, processions of Minor brethren, and crowds of admiring spectators, listened to his discourses on the manger and the babe of Bethlehem, or joined with him in sacred carols on the nativity.

Among the *Opuscula Sancti Francisci* are four poems, in which the same mystic spirit expands itself gloriously. It must not, indeed, be concealed that the authenticity of these canticles has been enveloped by the critics in a chilling cloud of scepticism. The controversy is not without its interest, but could be made intelligible within no narrow limits. Suffice it then to say, that both Tiraboschi and Ginguenè acknowledge without hesitation the poetical claims of the saint; and that M. Delecluse,

after reviewing all the evidence with judicial impartiality and acumen, concludes that the general sense, and many of the particular expressions, are his, though, in the lapse of so many ages, the style must have drifted far away from the original structure, into a form at once more modern and more ornate. In this qualified sense the following "Canticum Solis" may be safely read as the work of the founder of the Franciscan order:—

"Altissimo omnipotente bon' Signore, tue son le laude, la gloria, lo honore, e ogni benedictione. A te solo se confanno, e nullo homo è degno de nominarti.

"Laudato sia Dio mio Signore con tutte le creature, specialmente messer lo Fratre Sole, il quale giorno e illumina noi per lui. E allo è bello e radiante con grande splendore; de te Signore porta significazione.

"Laudato sia mio Signore, per Suora Luna e per le stelle; il quale in cielo le hai formate chaire e belle.

"Laudato sia mio Signore per Fratre Vento e per l'Aire e Nuvole e sereno e ogni tempo, per le quale, dai a tutte creature sustentamento.

"Laudato sia mio Signore per Suora Acqua, la quale è molto utile, e humile, e pretiosa, e casta.

"Laudato sia mio Signore per Fratre Fuoco, per lo quale tu allumini la notte; e ello è bello, e jocondo, e robustissimo, e forte.

"Laudato sia mio Signore per nostra Madre Terra, la quale, ne sostenta, governa e produce diversi frutti, e caloriti fiori, e herbe.

"Laudato sia mio Signore per quelli che perdonano per lo tue amore, e sosteneno infirmitade e tribulatione. Beati quelli che sostegneranno in pace, che de te Altissimo, saranno incoronati."

Another stanza was added in his last illness, giving thanks for "our sister the death of the body," the last of this strange catalogue of his kindred. Protestant reserve and English gravity alike forbid any quotations of the canticles which follow. They belong to that Anacreontic psalmody, in which Cupid prompts the worship of Psyche. Such a combination of the language of Paphos, with the chaste favors of the sanctuary, can never be rendered tolerable to those who have been familiar from their childhood with the majestic composure of the Anglican liturgy, or with the solemn effusions of our Scottish church, even though recommended to them by the pathos of Thomas à Kempis, or by the tenderness of Fenelon.

Whoever shall undertake a collection of the facetiae of Francis, may console himself under the inevitable result, by remembering that he has failed only where Cicero and Bacon had failed before him. In the tragi-comedy of life, the saint, in common with all other great men, occasionally assumed the buskin, though not so much to join in the dialogue as to keep up the by-play. His jocularities were of the kind usually distinguished as practical, and if not eminently ludicrous, were, at least very pregnant jests. Behold him, to the unutterable amazement of his unwashed, and half-naked fraternity, strutting before them, on his return from Damietta, in a tunic of the finest texture, with a hood behind, fashionably reaching to his middle, and a broad and rich frill in front usurping the function of clerical bands;—his head tossed up towards the sky—his voice loud and imperious—and his gait like that of a dancing-master. What this strange pantomime might mean could be conjectured by none but brother Elia, whose unsubdued passion for dress had been indulged during the ab-

sence of the "general minister," and who now saw himself thus villainously caricatured by the aid of his own finery. With his serge cloak, his sandals, and his cord, Francis resumed his wonted gravity, and the unlucky exquisite was degraded on the spot from his charge as vicar-general. On the refusal, by another brother, of obedience to his chief, a grave was dug, the offender seated upright in it, and mould cast over him till it had covered his shoulders. "Art thou dead?" exclaimed Francis to the head, which alone remained above ground. "Completely," replied the terrified monk. "Arise, then," rejoined the saint, "go thy ways, and remember that the dead never resist any one. Let me have dead, not living followers."

These gambols, however, were as unfrequent as they are uncouth. They were but gleams of mirth, passing rapidly across a mind far more often overcast by constitutional sadness. For though faith had reversed in him the natural springs of action, and revealed to him the cheat of life, and peopled his imagination with many bright and many awful forms, yet she was unattended by her usual handmaids, peace and hope. With a heart dead to selfish delights and absorbed in holy and benevolent affections, he possessed neither present serenity nor anticipated joy. Cheerless and unaluring is the image of Francis of Assisi; his figure gaunt and wasted, his countenance furrowed with care, his soul hurried from one excitement to another, incapable of study, incapable of repose, forming attachments but to learn their fragility, conquering difficulties but to prove the vanity of conquest, living but to consolidate his order of Minor brethren, and yet haunted by constant forebodings of their rapid degeneracy. Under the pressure of such solicitudes and of premature disease, he indulged his natural melancholy, (his only self-indulgence,) and gave way to tears till his eyesight had almost wholly failed him.

To his wondering disciples, these natural results of low diet, scanty dress, and ceaseless fatigue, on such a temperament, appeared as so many prodigies of grace. But the admiration was not reciprocal. He saw, and vehemently reprov'd their faults. Which of them should be the greatest, was debated among the Minor brethren, as once among a more illustrious fraternity; and, in imitation of him who washed the feet of the aspiring fishermen of Galilee, Francis abdicated the government of the order, and became himself nothing more than a Minor brother. Which of them should gather in the greatest number of female proselytes, and superintend their convents, was another competition which he watched with yet severer anxiety. His own abduction of Clara from her father's house, he had learned to regard as a sublime departure from rules which other zealots would do well to observe. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "at the moment when God forbade us wives, Satan has, I fear, given us sisters." Which of them would build the most splendid monasteries, was yet another rivalry in which he foresaw their approaching decline. "Now," he said, "it is who shall erect the finest religious edifices. The time is coming when others of us shall build mansions fit for the great and noble of the earth. Rich and beautiful will be the dress of those architects! Well! if our brethren may but escape mortal sin, let us be satisfied." Which of them should first win the favor of ecclesiastical patrons, was an inquiry which their protector, Ugolino, had suggested; but the rising ambition was energetically denounced by their prophet

Francis, in fervent and prophetic warnings which may be read among his yet extant predictions.

Saints and satirists, of a day but little remote from his own, emulate each other in recording the accomplishment of these dark forebodings. At the distance of but thirty years from the death of the founder, we find Bonaventura, the greatest of his successors in the government of the order, thus addressing his provincial ministers:—"The indolence of our brethren is laying open the path to every vice. They are immersed in carnal repose. They roam up and down everywhere, burthening every place to which they come. So importunate are their demands, and such their rapacity, that it has become no less terrible to fall in with them than with so many robbers. So sumptuous is the structure of their magnificent buildings as to bring us all into discredit. So frequently are they involved in those culpable intimacies which our rule prohibits, that suspicion, scandal, and reproach have been excited against us." Listen again to the ardent admirer of Francis in the 22d book of the *Paradiso* :—

So soft is flesh of mortals, that on earth

A good beginning doth no longer last

Than while an oak may bring its fruit to birth

Peter began his convent without gold

Or silver—I built mine by prayer and fast;—

Humility for Francis won a fold.

If thou reflect how each began, then view

To what an end doth such beginning lead,

Thou'lt see the white assume the darkest hue.

Jordan driven backward—and the sea, that fled

At God's command, were miracles indeed

Greater than those here needful."——

The Franciscan order has, however, not only survived the denunciations of Bonaventura and of Dante—the banter of Erasmus—the broader scoffs of "The Letters of some Obscure Men"—the invectives of Wicliff and Luther—the taunts of Milton—the contemptuous equity of Bayle—and the eloquence, the wit, the scorn, and the resentment of half the pens of Europe; but has outlived the egregious crimes and follies of its own degenerate sons, and after six centuries still lives and flourishes, a boast of the papal, and a problem for the Protestant world. What is the principle of this protracted vitality? Whence the buoyancy, which, amidst so many storms and wrecks, has so long sustained the institute of the unlearned, half-crazy, fugitive from the counting-house of Assisi?

Not even the idolaters of his name ascribe to him any profound foresight, or intuitive genius, or bold originality of thought. The eloquence for which he was renowned was no ignited logic; but a burst of contagious emotion, guided by no art, fed by no stores of knowledge, and directed by no intellectual prowess; the voice of a herald still repeating the same impressive tidings, not the address of an orator subjugating at once the rational and the sensitive faculties of his audience. He was rather the compiler than the inventor of the Franciscan code; and as a legislator is famous for only two novelties—the vow of absolute poverty, which was made but to be broken; and the reconciliation of the religious with the secular state in his Order of Penitence; which died away with the feudal oppressions and the social exigencies which, at first, sustained and nourished it.

Considered only as a part of the general system of monasticism, the success of the Franciscan rule

is, however, readily explicable. Men become monks and women nuns, sometimes from vulgar motives—such as fashion, the desire of mutual support, the want of a maintenance, inaptitude for more active duties, satiety of the pleasures of life, or disgust at its disappointments, parental authority, family convenience, or the like; sometimes from superstitious fancies, such as the supposed sanctity of certain relics, or the expiatory value of some particular ceremonial;—sometimes from nobler impulses, such as the conviction that such solitude is essential to the purity of the soul of the recluse, or to the usefulness of his life;—but, always, in some degree, from other causes of still deeper root and far wider expansion. Such are, the servile spirit, which desires to abdicate the burden of free will and the responsibilities of free agency;—and the feeble spirit, which can stand erect, and make progress, only when sustained by the pressure and the impulse of a crowd;—and the wavering spirit, which takes refuge from the pains of doubt in the contagion of monastic unanimity.

Neither is the success of the Franciscan institute, if viewed as distinct from all other conventual orders, involved in any real obscurity. So reiterated, indeed, and so just have been the assaults on the Mendicant Friars, that we usually forget that, till the days of Martin Luther, the church had never seen so great and effectual a reform as theirs. During nearly two centuries, Francis and his spiritual descendants, chiefly, if not exclusively, directed the two great engines of the Christian warfare—the mission and the pulpit. Nothing in the histories of Wesley or of Whitfield, can be compared with the enthusiasm which everywhere welcomed them, or with the immediate and visible results of their labors. In an age of oligarchal tyranny they were the protectors of the weak; in an age of ignorance the instructors of mankind; and in an age of profligacy the stern vindicators of the holiness of the sacerdotal character, and the virtues of domestic life. While other religious societies withdrew from the world, they entered, studied, and traversed it. They were followed by the wretched, the illiterate, and the obscure, through whom, from the first, the church has been chiefly replenished, but not by them only. In every part of Europe, the rich, the powerful, and the learned, were found among their proselytes. In our own land, Duns Scotus, Alexander Hales, Robert Grossetête, and Roger Bacon, lent to this new Christian confederacy the lustre and the authority of their names. And even when, by the natural descent of corruption, it had fallen into well-deserved contumely, the mission and the pulpit, and the tradition of the great men by whom it was originally organized and nurtured, were sufficient to arrest the progress of decay, and to redeem for the Franciscan order a permanent and a conspicuous station among the “Princedom, Dominations, Powers,” which hold their appointed rank and perform their appropriate offices in the great spiritual dynasty of Rome.

The tragedy of Hamlet, leaving out the character of the Prince of Denmark; the biography of Turenne, with the exception of his wars; may, perhaps, be but inadequate images of a life of Saint Francis, omitting all notice of the doctrines he taught, and excluding any account of the influence of his theology on himself or his contemporaries, and on the generations which have succeeded him. This, however, is not a biography, but a rapid sketch put forth by secular men to secular readers. It would be indecorous to suppose that our profound

divines, Scottish or English, would waste the midnight oil over so slight an attempt as this to revive the memory of a once famous father of the church, now fallen into unmerited neglect and indiscriminate opprobrium among us. Yet if, indeed, any student of Jewell or of Knox should so far descend from his Bodleian eminences as to cast a hasty glance over these lines, let him heartily censure if he will, then supply their too palpable omissions. Let him write the complete story of Saint Francis, and estimate impartially his acts, his opinions, his character, and his labors; and he will have written one important chapter of a history of the monastic orders, and will have contributed to supply one great deficiency in the ecclesiastical literature of the Protestant world.

From Chambers' Journal.

MR. MILNE ON THE POTATO FAILURE.

MR. MILNE is known for his scientific papers, in which we usually find general conclusions arrived at by induction from a great collection of facts. Having turned his attention to the investigation of the potato failure of the two last seasons, we are here furnished with a set of observations on the subject, drawn up in the author's usual lucid and painstaking manner.* We learn that the theory of the disease having been produced by *insects* is inadmissible, because it showed itself before there was any appearance of insects. *Fungi* must equally be rejected, for those in the tubers were of different species from those in the leaves: such vegetation appears to have been a result, not the cause, of the disease. The evil could not spring from any over-cultivation of the plant, for specimens brought directly from Peru were affected equally as others. It could not be because the plant has come to the close of its existence as a species, seeing that the disease attacked many other plants, as pease, cabbage, tansy, spinach, and even elms and oaks. Then the weather, the temperature, rains, are all in like manner discarded, because, from a vast amount of evidence collected by Mr. Milne, it appears that the disease was irrespective of all such conditions. The weather of 1845 and 1846 appears to have been no way extraordinary, and in the latter year vegetation was everywhere abundant till the time when the the potato disease began to show itself.

Mr. Milne arrives at the conclusion that the cause was atmospheric, and he deems it probable that the evil lay in some deleterious *substance* diffused through the air at the time of the disease. There are facts, he thinks, even to show to a certain extent the properties of this substance. “In the first place, it is a substance, the injurious effects of which have been prevented by screens, shelter, and other modes of protection.” In several cases glass frames placed over the plants saved them from the disease, while other plants close by were destroyed. There were several instances of the crops of indolent farmers being saved, while those of careful farmers suffered; and this could be attributed to no other cause than that the potatoes, in the former set of cases, were screened by the weeds which had been suffered to grow over them. In a field which had potatoes sown with barley,

* Observations on the Probable Cause of the Failure of the Potato Crop in the years 1845 and 1846. By David Milne, Esq. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1847.

"several of the ungathered tubers had grown in the corn, and not a single plant of these was even in the slightest degree diseased." Mr. Colin Campbell's overseer at Craignish states, that "potatoes planted on the farm with different manures, and on various soils, were alike tainted. I, however, observed, that when they were sheltered by a stone wall or trees, or when overgrown with weeds, they were not diseased, and have continued sound." Such experiences are reported from so many other quarters, that Mr. Milne regards it as established, that potatoes were saved "where screened from the external air, or rather from the *blowing on them of the external air*." "The effects," he says, "seem analogous to what occurs to vegetation near the sea-shore, where it is much exposed. It is of course not the oxygen or nitrogen of the atmosphere which, on the sea-coast, produces an injury to vegetation not produced elsewhere; nor is it the mere cold, because places at a high level inland are exposed to more cold than at the sea level, and yet show none of the peculiar effects on vegetation observable on the sea-shore. There must, therefore, be some particular substance or substances in the sea air to blight the leaves of trees and plants, unless sheltered. These may either be the salts of the sea-water, which are always floating in greater or less abundance upon the winds that come from the sea, and which, being arrested and absorbed by the leaves, may cause their blight and death; or it may arise from the presence of chlorine gas, supposed to be liberated, under certain circumstances, from the chloride of magnesium, which exists in sea-water; and which gas is known by direct experiment to be exceedingly injurious to vegetation. I do not say that chlorine gas, or the saline vapor of sea-water, are the substances which proved injurious to the potato crops; I refer to them merely in illustration of the principle, that when vegetables are injured by the blowing of air, and in circumstances when the mere air would produce, by blowing, no injurious effects, it is probable that there must be some other substance than the ordinary elements of the atmosphere to cause these effects."

Mr. Milne adduces another set of facts, showing that the disease travelled from the south-west to the north-east, taking three months to go from the south of Ireland to the Orkneys. He quotes a correspondent of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, who tells that his potatoes were affected first on the south-west side of the plants. There is also a curious fact reported by an Aberdeenshire gentleman. Two fields under his observation were affected partially; in the one case, by lines of blight athwart the field; in the other, by the blight of one side, leaving the rest sound; and the direction of the blight in these cases was from south-east to north-west. For some time before, the weather had been very sultry, "with a light fog or haze travelling very slowly over the surface of the earth, from the south-east to the north-west." Supposing a deleterious substance carried by the wind, it readily occurs, says Mr. Milne, that any obstruction, such as trees and other prominent objects, might turn it aside from particular portions of the surface.

Mr. Milne then proceeds to remark, that the crops near the Welsh copper-works were comparatively exempt from the disease, the more so the nearer to the works, although the smoke of the furnaces is generally unfavorable to vegetation. There was also less experience of the disease in situations close upon the sea-shore than in inland places. A crop

reared on land newly reclaimed from the sea, and out of which no means had been taken to wash the salt, was a luxuriant one. It was also remarked that potatoes manured with soot and guano (substances containing much ammonia) were comparatively sound. "From these various facts," says our author, "I infer that the substance in the atmosphere which injured the potato crops was some acrid gas or vapor, capable of being neutralized or altered in its nature by chlorine, common smoke, and the fumes of arsenious and sulphurous acids."

The question arises, Were there any unusual appearances in the atmosphere about the time of the potato failure? It appears, according to Mr. Milne, that there were. Extensive and very peculiar fogs prevailed, accompanied by much thunder and lightning. A gentleman in Yorkshire reports that about the 25th August there was one night a dense fog, attended by extreme heat, and the next morning the potato fields had precisely the disorganized appearance they have after a night's frost. They soon became black, and the disease followed in a few days. An Orkney farmer "observed a very dense fog resting in patches on certain parts of the island; at times it was so defined, that he could point out the exact measure of ground over which it rested. It hung low over the ground, and had the appearance of a light powdering of snow. In passing, it fell down on his small farm, and he *smelt it very unpleasant*; exactly like, he says, the bilge-water of a ship, a sulphurous sort of stench. After the wind rose and cleared off those clouds or lumps of fog, there remained on the grass over which they had hung, as well as on the potato shaws, an appearance of gray dew or hoar-frost. The next morning he noticed the leaves of his potatoes slightly spotted. In two days the shaws began to droop and wither, turning pale-yellowish. He now observed that the tubers in the ground, under the diseased plants, were covered by minute white specks, which soon became small maggots; and before ten days, not a shaw was in his potato patch, more than if it had been a bare fallow, while the stench of the rotten potatoes was very bad. This was one of the spots where the fog bank had rested most palpably. But everywhere through the island, the disease, after the fog, began in spots and corners of fields, and spread more slowly over all."

After quoting other observers of the fogs, Mr. Milne remarks that there was something extraordinary in them. "In the first place, they appeared at an anomalous season of the year—that is, at a period when the temperature of the air generally exceeds that of the earth and water. In the second place, they continued for longer periods than they usually do, even in spring. In the third place, some persons were sensible of a peculiar odor or smell accompanying them." He adds—"In regard to the connection of these fogs with the potato disease, it certainly does not follow, because two extraordinary things happen simultaneously, or closely in succession, that they are connected. But the probability of their being so, is enhanced by the considerations formerly submitted, as to the existence of some extraordinary substance in the air which must have produced the disease; and the presumption is further strengthened by the fact, that in 1845, when there was no failure of potato crops in the Highlands and the Orkneys, there were no fogs; whilst in 1846 there was a universal failure, and simultaneously with the disease, the prevalence of peculiar fogs in the Highlands."

In the latter part of his pamphlet, Mr. Milne shows how small an infusion of deleterious matter in the atmosphere is sufficient to injure vegetation. He also remarks the unusual mortality of both man and beast during the last two years as probably connected with the same cause. While, he says, it is for experienced chemists to ascertain the nature of the substance which seems to have produced the potato failure, he may observe that "the gases which apparently neutralize it, or counteract its noxious effects, are all those which are remarkable for their antiseptic properties, and some of which are commonly used to stop contagion. Dr. Ure observes, that 'malaria, or morbid and putrescent miasmata, consist chiefly of hydrogenous matter at their basis, and are best counteracted by chlorine.' Liebig, in his 'Chemistry and Physics in Relation to Physiology,' p. 53, says, that 'free or combined ammonia, the almost invariable product of putrefactive processes, is found, during many contagious diseases—as, for instance, typhus—in the surrounding atmosphere;' and we know that ammonia may be decomposed by chlorine. (Ure's 'Dictionary of Arts.') In like manner it is known that sulphurous and arsenious acids are preëminently useful in counteracting putrefaction, (Liebig, *do.*, p. 50.) It may, therefore, be inferred, that the substance in the air which these several gases neutralized was similar to what, under the convenient name of miasm, is found to be injurious to the vitality of plants and animals. The true nature of miasmata, though guessed at by chemists, has never been ascertained. But it is believed that, like the exhalations from marshes, and the pollen and odoriferous dust from flowers, they are, as Dr. Graham says, 'highly-organized particles of fixed matter, which find their way into the atmosphere, and remain for a time suspended in it,' and when so suspended, they can be dissolved and neutralized by gases of the nature before described."

Should additional investigation settle the question in this manner, may we not hope to see, among the arrangements of agriculture, apparatus for neutralizing such infusions of noxious matter, when they happen to arise?

From Chambers' Journal.

THE INTERIOR OF AUSTRALIA.

THE old and new worlds are almost tired of this newer world of the Pacific, where only the sea-coasts, we have been told, are fit for human settlement, while the interior, for a space of at least thirty degrees of longitude, is a series of deserts, watered by lakes that turn periodically into swamps, and rivers that lessen as they run, till they finally sink in the earth, and disappear. Such, at least, has been the experience of Captain Sturt, who, in the midst of unparalleled difficulties, endeavored, and is still endeavoring, to intersect the vast country from south to north, from Adelaide to the Gulf of Carpentaria. The mighty river, or inland sea, which was the object of his quest, and in the existence of which he entertained a firm belief, receded as he advanced; and when last heard of, he had accomplished two thirds of his journey, arriving at some degrees beyond the tropic of Capricorn, with still nothing more than hope in the distance.

But while this is the case in the very middle of the new continent, great discoveries are taking place to the eastward, midway between Captain Sturt's line of route and the distant shores of the South Pacific. There Sir Thomas Mitchell, it ap-

pears, has wandered by the banks of noble rivers—one of which he believes to have its estuary in the Gulf of Carpentaria—and in the midst of plains as rich, and hills as picturesque and romantic, as any that are to be found on the most beautiful part of the coast. The world has been too impatient. Australia will yet realize its earlier dreams, and become the site of great empires. Even the central wastes may yield to human industry, as population closes in upon them from all sides of the compass.

But pleasant as such anticipations may be, they are somewhat vague and shadowy. This is truly affirmed to be a practical age; which means that we work much, and speculate little. Progress, progress, is our grand object. Another generation will perhaps ascend the hill-tops, to observe the course of the country through which they are journeying, but it is our genius to push blindly, untiringly on. Let us in the mean time, therefore, follow Sir Thomas Mitchell, without burthening ourselves with the task of posterity.

The letters of the surveyor-general, as given in substance in the "Launceston Examiner," are not so precise as could be wished; indeed, it is hardly possible to obtain from them any distinct idea of the system of rivers he attempts to describe. After the junction of the Macquarie with the Darling, he visited the Narran swamp, "a wonderful provision of nature for the supply and retention of water in a dry and parched country." It appears to be fed chiefly by the Narran river, but also by minor branches of the Balonne, which discharges its main waters into the Darling. This division of so important a river as the latter is likewise advantageous, as it serves to irrigate "from one principal channel extensive regions of rich earth beyond the Darling, while the surplus or overflow, instead of passing, as in common cases, to the sea, is received in the deep channel of the Narran, and thereby conducted to that extensive reservoir, where, on rock or stiff clay, and under ever-verdant polygonum, it furnishes an inexhaustible supply for the support of animal life."

Proceeding beyond the farthest point marked in the maps, he traced the Balonne flowing in broad, deep, and extensive reaches. "From Mount Abundance," he says, "in longitude 148° 40' east, latitude 26° 39' 30" south, I again perceived that the fine open country in which I then was, extended eastward as far as the eye or telescope could reach, and that it was watered by a river from the northward, distinctly marked by the smoke of the natives' fires. That river was still the Balonne, according to the natives; and from Mount Bindango I was able to intersect the summits of the isolated range in the centre of that splendid region, placing it in longitude about 149° 2' east, and in latitude 26° 23' 32" south. To mark the epoch of the discovery, I named it on my maps the Fitzroy Downs, and the range in the midst of them I distinguished as the Grafton Range."

He next came upon the river Maranoa; which was subsequently discovered by Mr. Kennedy to join the Balonne. Its banks were of rich pastoral land, of the nature of open downs.

"Continuing my ride north-west, I again found a chain of volcanic summits connected with a mass of table-land, which I named—finding none of the aborigines there—Hope's Table-Land. Mount P. King, a pointed volcanic cone, longitude 147° 37' 40" east, latitude 25° 9' 10", is near the head of that river, which we followed down until it turned, as all the others had done, to the south-west. I

reached an extensive grassy valley, which terminated on a reedy lake in a more open country. The lake was supplied by springs, arising in a swamp at the gorge of the valley, which supported a flowing stream of the purest water. The country is adorned by hills of the most romantic form, presenting outlines which surpass in picturesque beauty the fairest creations of the painter. Several pyramids mark the spot where the springs were first discovered, and whence I now write. Lower down appear over the woods isolated rocks, resembling ruined castles, temples, and Gothic cathedrals. Others have apertures through them; and the trees being also very varied and graceful in form, and rich in color, contribute so much to the beauty of the scenery that I have been induced to distinguish river and lake by the name of a painter. We lost two days in vainly endeavoring to pass to the westward, through dense brigalow scrub; but on a ride I took north-westward, I was more successful, for after forcing my way through ten miles of scrub, I came to what seemed to me the finest region on earth; plains and downs of rich black mould, on which grew in profusion the *Panicum levinode* grass, and which were finely interspersed with lines of wood, which grew in the hollows, and marked the courses of streams; columns of smoke showed that the country was too good to be left uninhabited; and, in fact, on approaching the nearest river channel, I found it full of water. This river I named Claude, in honor of the painter of quiet pastoral scenery; and to the downs and plains, so favorable to flocks and herds, I gave the name of the Mantua Downs and plains. I returned to the party on the Salvatore, crossed that river with it in latitude $24^{\circ} 31' 47''$ south, and conducted it, cutting our way through ten miles of scrub, to the banks of the Claude. These two rivers join at a considerable distance lower down, and form the Negro, a river which, according to the natives, pursues a north-east course to the sea, and therefore probably has its estuary on the shores of Broad Sound or its vicinity.

"We were obliged to make a bridge for the passage of our carts across the Claude, and then we crossed a plain upon which grass grew almost as thickly as it grew in Australia Felix; then another stream, also full of water, was crossed, and we ascended undulating downs, on which fragments of fossil wood were abundant in a very rich soil. Beyond these—the Mantua Downs—a range of broken summits appeared, and was certainly ornamental, but which we found to be only the upper part of a very intricate and difficult sand-stone country, wherein the beds of the gullies were at a much lower level than the downs and plains. I endeavoured to penetrate to the westward of these, but found the country on that side quite impervious. We found a very favorable outlet from that difficult country by a pass, in the gorge of which stood a rock so much resembling a tower, that at first sight few would believe it the work of nature only. The glen we then entered (named from the tower at its entrance, Glen Turret) was very extensive, and contained abundance of good grass."

All this, however, was of little consequence to the object of the surveyor—the discovery of a great river flowing towards the Gulf of Carpentaria; but in a letter from the Balonne, dated November 9, 1846, we have at length some hint of the consummation so much desired. His first view of what he fondly imagines to be the river, was in longitude $146^{\circ} 42' 25''$ east, latitude $24^{\circ} 50' 35''$ south.

"On ascending the range early next morning, I

saw open downs and plains with a line of river in the midst, the whole extending to the north-north-west as far as the horizon. Following the little stream from the valley in which I had passed the night, I soon reached the open country, and during ten successive days I pursued the course of that river, through the same sort of country, each day as far as my horse could carry me, and in the same direction, again approaching the Tropic of Capricorn. In some parts the river formed splendid reaches, as broad and important as the river Murray; in others, it spread into four or five channels, some of them several miles apart; but the whole country is better watered than any other portion of Australia I have seen, by numerous tributaries arising in the downs. The soil consists of rich clay, and the hollows give birth to water-courses, in the most of which water was abundant. I found at length that I might travel in any direction, and find water at hand, without having to seek the river, except when I wished to ascertain its general course, and observe its character. The grass consists of panicum and several new sorts, one of which springs green from the old stem. The plains were verdant; indeed, the luxuriant pasturage surpassed in quality, as it did in extent, anything of the kind I had ever seen. The myall-tree and salt bush, (*Acacia pendula* and *salsola*;) so essential to a good run, are also there. New birds and new plants marked this out as an essentially different region from any I had previously explored; and although I could not follow the river throughout its long course at that advanced season, I was convinced that its estuary was in the Gulf of Carpentaria; at all events, the country is open and well-watered for a direct route thereto. That the river is the most important of Australia, increasing as it does by successive tributaries, and not a mere product of distant ranges, admits of no dispute; and the downs and plains of Central Australia, through which it flows, seem sufficient to supply the whole world with animal food. I crossed the river at the lowest point I reached, in a great southern bend, in longitude $144^{\circ} 34'$ east, latitude $24^{\circ} 14'$ south, and from rising ground beyond the left bank, I could trace its downward course far to the northward. I saw no *callitris* (pine of the colonists) in all that country; but a range showing sand-stone cliffs appeared to the southward, in longitude about 145° east, latitude $24^{\circ} 30'$ south. The country to the northward of the river is, upon the whole, the best; yet in riding ninety miles due east from where I crossed the southern bend, I found plenty of water and excellent grass."

The other rivers surveyed—in number, seven—were all of considerable importance; and Sir Thomas believed that an investigation of the mountain-ranges in which they originate would enable him to construct "such a map of these parts of Australia, as may greatly facilitate the immediate and permanent occupation of the country, and the extension through it of a thoroughfare to the Gulf of Carpentaria, to which the direct way is thus laid open." He named the great river, "watering the best portion of the largest island in the world," the Victoria.

To the Gulf of Carpentaria we must look for the solution of the mystery of Australia. This mighty basin, at the extreme north of the new continent, is the receptacle of so vast a body of water, that the Indian voyagers are said to be able to fill their casks with fresh water when as yet the low land is barely visible from the deck. The head of

the gulf consists of an expanse of alluvial soil, covered with luxuriant herbage, and stretching inland to an unascertained extent, which has been appropriately named by Captain Stokes "Plains of Promise." "Whether the rivers, or rather water-courses, discovered here by the Beagle," says Mr. Earl, "are independent channels, or the embouchures of one large river which carries off the waters of a great extent of country, and which, like the mouths of the Indus, become partially closed during the dry season, is a point of the deepest interest, and which will probably not long remain undetermined." The same acute observer adds, as a proof of the rapidity with which the land is gaining on the sea, that it has outstripped in its advance even the progress of tropical Australian vegetation, "the period that has elapsed since its elevation above the level of the waters not having been sufficient to allow the forest-trees to overspread the face of the country."

Whether the Victoria river, the discovery of which is reported above, will prove to be the grand Australian stream or not, it is as yet impossible to say; but it is at least satisfactory to know that we have advanced so far in the question as to render much longer delay in its solution improbable.

DISINFECTING FLUID.

A REPORT on Mr. Ledoyen's "Disinfecting Fluid," by Dr. Southwood Smith, R. D. Grainger, and Joseph Toynbee, Esqrs., has just been presented to parliament. According to Mr. Ledoyen's statement, the fluid disinfects night-soil, not destroying, but increasing vegetation, more particularly as regards agriculture, completely preventing the disease in potatoes, when the land is manured with disinfected night-soil. It disinfects hospital wards of miasma, also cellars, water-closets, and buildings infected by impure gases. It disinfects sailors suffering from fever on board of vessels; it will also disinfect ships at sea and under quarantine. It disinfects patients suffering with infectious disorders and wounds; also dead bodies, so that they may be kept nearly a month; also different parts of the body can be kept for the purpose of dissection, for coroners' inquests, &c. The report, which is one of considerable length, winds up with the following "general conclusion:" 1. That this fluid does not possess any peculiar power in preserving the dead body from decomposition, and that, therefore, it is not applicable to any considerable extent to purposes of dissection. 2. That it removes the factor of putrefying substances, vegetable and animal, by decomposing the sulphuretted hydrogen upon which that factor chiefly depends. 3. That it is capable of preventing the disengagement of sulphuretted hydrogen in sick chambers and in the wards of hospitals, and of removing it in a few minutes when it is present, not merely by dissipating the smell, but by destroying the poison. 4. That the use of it is simple and easy, and as the occasions on which it is required are of constant occurrence, and as it has the peculiar advantage of being itself inodorous, its possession would be a comfort and blessing to private families. 5. That by decomposing the sulphuretted hydrogen, it removes from night-soil the poison which renders such matters injurious to health and dangerous to life, and by changing the ammonia from a volatile into a fixed substance, and thereby preventing its escape and loss, it preserves in the night-soil the principle which renders it chiefly valuable as manure, while it presents that principle to

the plant in a form which is known to be highly beneficial to vegetation. 6. That, as it renders the removal of night-soil practicable without creating a nuisance, it ought, in our opinion, to be made a matter of police regulation that no privy or cesspool should be emptied without the previous use of a sufficient quantity of it to destroy all offensive smell. 7. That its most successful application to privies and cesspools is only a palliation of their evil, and does not remove the objection to their existence; that there is and can be no safety but in the immediate removal of all excrementitious and all other refuse matters; and that the retention of such matters in and about dwelling-houses is dangerous to health and life, and altogether unworthy of a nation which has made any progress in civilization. 8. That it is, in our opinion, essential to the health of the people that privies and cesspools, as long as their existence continues to be lawful, should be constructed in such a manner as to prevent the escape of their liquid contents, and that their construction, so as to secure this object, should be rendered compulsory by a positive legislative enactment.—*Examiner*.

SEA-BATHING.—Sea-bathing, on account of its stimulative and penetrating power, may be placed at the head of those means that regard the care of the skin, and which certainly supplies one of the first wants of the present generation, by opening the pores, and thereby reinvigorating the whole nervous system. This bathing is attended with two important advantages. The first is, that besides its great healing power in cases of disease, it may be employed by those who are perfectly well, as the means most agreeable to nature for strengthening and preserving health. In this respect it may be compared to bodily exercise, which can remove diseases otherwise incurable, and which may be used also by those who are sound in order to preserve themselves in that state. The other advantage is, the noble, grand, and indescribable prospect of the sea connected with it, and which, on those not acquainted with it, has an effect capable of bracing up the nervous system, and producing a beneficial exaltation of the whole frame. I am fully convinced that the physical effects of sea-bathing must be greatly increased by this impression on the mind, and that a hypochondriac or nervous person may be half-cured by residing on the sea-coast, and enjoying a view of the grand scenes of nature which will there present themselves.—*Hufeland*.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Gustavus Count Von Schlabrendorf was born at Stettin, on the 22d of March, 1750. His father was Frederick the Great's minister in Silesia during the seven years' war. As the friend of Condorcet, Mercier, and Brissot, he was imprisoned during the reign of Terror. His conversation and kindness, his generosity and advice, were the comfort of his fellow-prisoners. Schlabrendorf escaped death by a sort of miracle. One day the cart came as usual for its freight of victims, and his name was called out. He soon was ready with the exception of his boots, which could not be found. At length he said to the jailer, "Without boots, it is quite impossible for me to go. Let us see; you can call for me to-morrow; one day cannot be of much consequence." The cart proceeded without him. Next day Schlabrendorf, ready booted, was waiting; but his name was not called. The jailer was not a brute, and said nothing. Schlabrendorf remained in prison ignored until Robespierre's fall.—*Sketches of German Life*.

From the Louisville Examiner.

THE SAND-HILLERS.

We find in the Winyau Intelligencer, published at Georgetown, South Carolina, the following notice:—

"The poor laborers on Black river, and in that neighborhood, are in a state of starvation, many of them being without corn or meal, and none of them having meat. The occasion calls for the aid of the charitable, and efforts will be made to obtain relief for them."

Who are these "poor laborers?"

There is a class of poor whites in the Carolinas, and most of the Southern States, peculiar in character, and unknown generally to the country. They are called *sand-hillers*. They are so called because they cluster together in the poorest regions, and there live by hunting, fishing, raising a little stock, making tar and charcoal, and attending to poultry. They are very ignorant. Not one out of fifty can read or write, and, what is worse, they change not as time winnows down the old and supplies their places with the young. As is the sire, so is the son.

And these sand-hillers are as peculiar in dress and look as they are in character. You know them whenever you see them. They are *marked* in any crowd. Dressed always in the plainest homespun, home-made and widely cut, often without shoes, but when using them wearing the coarsest kind, with slouched hats of cheapest texture, having no blood in their cheeks, their eyes black and their hair lank, they are as distinct a race as the Indian. In some respects they are not unlike them. They love to roam the woods, and be free there; to get together for frolic or fun; to fish and hunt; to chase wild cattle;—but here the similarity ends: for they are wanting in personal daring, and in that energy of character which makes a man. We do not know one of them who ever gained station in society, or became distinguished by his deeds. And it is this class to whom the Georgetown Intelligencer alludes, we conclude, when it speaks of the "poor laborers" on Black river and neighborhood.

How came they in their present condition?

Their history is quickly told. It is a sad one, and we never think of it without sorrow.

In the early settlement of the Carolinas, everybody pressed upon the water-courses. Poor as well as rich, made lodgment upon or near their banks. There were, at first, very few negroes; consequently, the latter needed the labor of the former, to house their crops and clear their lands. All got along well, then. But the slave-traffic, with its accursed ills, began soon after, and, by and by, planters had their places stocked with slaves. As these slaves increased, the poor began to feel their degradation. A bitter hatred grew up between these classes. It led often to violence. The larger planters, in consequence, began to buy up the poor men's land, and the poor men, in turn, became anxious to sell. And they did so. But where were they to go? South of Carolina was a wilderness; the good lands on the water-courses, in the state, were in possession of rich planters. They had no alternative left, as they thought, but to herd together on the sand-hills, and there they and theirs still live.

Their choice of place is significant enough of their feeling, and of the cause of their removal. They made their location in neighborhoods where neither large nor small planters could molest them.

They got where they could live without being disturbed or worried by the continued sight of slaves. Now and then, you will find a few of the more debased sort gathered close by towns; but generally they are some ten, or fifteen, or twenty miles back. What the land would yield which they call their own—for often they "squat," as the phrase is, on the state's or others' property—it is difficult to say. But the best of it, on the average, would not return ten bushels of corn to the acre; the most of it not five. They grow sweet potatoes, melons, a little cotton for home use, and now and then a bag, or half a bag, for market. But things are where they are, and as they are, because slavery, with its biting social ills, beat them away from the richer soil, and keeps them hopelessly down and debased on the barren hills.

What are their peculiarities of mind?

The fact that they left the neighborhood of large plantations, and sought a sort of wild-wood liberty, shows that they have some notions of personal freedom. They have. But they are very crude. It was their condition which induced us to think first on the subject of slavery, and we endeavored, in conjunction with the lamented Grimke, to hit upon some plan by which we could improve this. We sought them out in their hovel-homes. We endeavored to win their regard, and secure their confidence. We succeeded in this, but we failed, wholly, in every effort to induce them to change their mode of life. The ruling idea uppermost in their minds seemed to be *hatred of labor*, under the conviction that it degraded them, because it put them on an equality with the slaves. An anecdote will illustrate this feeling.

One of their number had a fine, intelligent boy. He was one that would have attracted notice in any boyhood gathering. We proposed to the father that he should be educated. "Let him go with us to the town," said we, "and we will send him to school, and see what can be done with him." "And what then?" asked he, eyeing us, as if suspicious that something wrong was to follow. "Why," we continued, "when he has been educated, we can send him to the carriage-maker, Mr. C., and let him learn a trade." "Never!" he quickly, almost fiercely, rejoined, with a harsh oath. "My son shall never work by the side of your negroes, and Mr. —'s negroes, (calling certain planters' names whose slaves were being taught the trade,) and be ordered about by Mr. C. as he orders them about." He was fixed. No argument, entreaty, appeal to interest, could move him. The idea uppermost in his mind was the idea of his class—that labor was degrading; and he would rather his son should be free in the forest, if ignorant, than debased in the city, though educated, by a menial task.

What hope is there for them?

We see none. Nothing, certainly, but the removal of slavery can induce them to change their present condition. They will not labor in the field while they think it degrading; nor become artisans or mechanics while slaves are such. As for educating them, scattered as they are, the effort seems almost hopeless! Up and down the river where these "poor laborers," that the South Carolina paper talks of, live, and all around Georgetown, there are large rice and cotton estates. Many of the owners of them are very wealthy; a majority rich. Yet there is no sort of connection, or sympathy, between these planters and the sand-hillers. They are as far apart as two races well can be.

We speak now of social separation: for we are sure the moment they heard the "poor laborers" were starving, these planters did what was necessary, and more, to relieve their wants. But, we fear, coming time will find them as they are now—alone, ignorant, degraded, the victims of a blighting curse!

The condition of these sand-hillers illustrates the effect of slavery in its extreme, or when pushed to its farthest limit. Take one town, near the centre of South Carolina, and make a line for ten miles south of it along the river on one side, looking three miles back, and we question whether you will find over ten planters! They have each from one hundred to two, three, four or five hundred slaves! Many of these slaves, too, are mechanics! Necessarily, therefore, the towns wane, the poorer classes emigrate, as well as the young and enterprising; and the ignorant or sand-hill class escape to the barrens for freedom! according to their notion of it.

So much for the "poor laborers" of Black river and its neighborhood! for the unfortunate sand-hillers of the Carolinas!

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

BEAR-HUNTING IN CALIFORNIA.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, Nov. 29th, 1846.

Bear-hunting is one of the most prominent diversions in California, and it is worthy the entertainment of an emperor, when it is conducted by the natives of this country, and after their own fashion.

Whenever a Californian wishes to catch a bear, and which at any time he is ready to undertake for the sake of the diversion, he goes, in the first place, and looks well over the ground for about two miles all around the spot where he intends to lay his bait. This is done for the purpose of reconnoitring every step of ground that he thinks he may have to ride over, for the purpose of ascertaining if there are any squirrel holes or ravines, and likewise to form a judgment which way the bear will be most likely to run from the bait, on her being surprised. At least one of his companions accompanies him on this excursion.

They then go and catch a mare, (it matters not much who is the owner,) or if this is difficult, a stray horse will answer the purpose. As soon as they have lassoed their victim, they take it to the place previously selected for laying the bait. On this spot they strangle the animal, and then let out its entrails, that the bear may scent it at great distance. They then cut off one quarter of this animal, and drag it all over the ground for a half or three quarters of a mile round the spot, then take it back and leave it with the carcass, always covering it over with some grass or bushes that the birds may not devour it before the bear makes his appearance.

The bait being left in perfect order, and the ground well reconnoitred, they go away, and do not trouble the bait the first night, because, if the bear comes the first night, he will be sure to return if he is not troubled, and most likely with two or several more. Consequently the second night is the best hunt. The owners of the bait then invite, in secrecy, four or five choice friends. They do not invite too many, because, through too much excitement amongst many persons, or eagerness to get the first chance to throw the lasso, the bear gets wind that all is not right, and being a very cunning animal, if he once begins to suspect that the enemy is near, he keeps so good

a watch that it is impossible to catch him. This company catch the very best horses they can find. It is not the fleetest horse that is considered the best for this employment. It requires a tame, lively horse, with a good government in the mouth, and a strong back.

Everything being prepared, men, horses, saddles, and lassoes, they all start at sun-down or dusk, and keep carefully to windward of the bait, which must be placed on a piece of ground clear from rocks, trees or bushes, and near or within about eight hundred yards of one of these, for the purpose of hiding themselves, that the bear may not see them when he is approaching the bait. A horse that has been catching bears three or four times, will keep a strict watch for the approach of the bear at the bait, and will invariably let his rider know—not by any noisy motion, but by deep suppressed sighs, and pricking up his ears. Whenever one or more of the horses do this, the men who have been lying by on foot, mount as quietly as possible, and when all are ready with their lassoes in their hands ready to swing, they put spurs to their horses, which at that moment is very little needed, that noble animal appearing to all intents and purposes to be as anxious as his rider to capture the savage animal. The horse, being swifter than the bear, if the plan has been well laid, is sure to overtake him before he can get to any bush. The foremost rider throws his lasso, and seldom fails of catching the bear, either by the neck or round the body or one of its legs. Should he miss, there are several more close at his heels to throw their lassoes. As soon as the bear finds himself fast he rears and growls, taking hold of the lasso with his two fore paws. At this crisis the lasso must always be kept tight; if not, the bear will extricate himself immediately. Now comes in play the sagacity of the noblest of animals. The horse, from the very moment the bear is lassoed, keeps his eye on every movement, and appears to do, or rather I believe actually does do, all in his power to protect and defend his rider as well as himself; as it often happens, that from carelessness or inattention on the part of the rider, the bear will entangle the horse's legs with the lasso, and in such cases, if it is a horse that has been used to lassoing bears, he will with the greatest agility clear himself, without the least motion from the bit. I have several times seen a horse, when the bear has been approaching him from before, instead of turning round to run away or to run on one side, wait until the bear got close to him, watching him all the time with a steady eye, and all of a sudden take a leap right over the bear, and then turn suddenly round and face him again. This feat of course is only done by such horses as are well acquainted with bear-hunting. I never was in either a military or naval engagement myself, but I have heard hundreds say that fear exists in the breasts of warriors no longer than till the first volley is fired. The same may be said of the horse in bear-hunting. From the moment a horse sees the bear, it matters not at what distance, he begins to tremble, and his heart beats so loud that his rider can distinctly hear it. But this lasts no longer than the first momentary onset; for as soon as the horse feels by the strain of the lasso that the bear is lassoed, his fear leaves him, and he is from that moment in the highest glee. If the bear is a very large one, two or three more persons will throw their lassoes on him, because an old bear will be very apt to take the lasso in his mouth and bite it off, or bring such a strain on it as would break it.

The bear being now well secured, with three or four lassoes on him, the horses, arching their necks and snorting with pride at their prize, walk away with the savage animal, which is rearing, plunging, and growling. Each motion from the direction in which it is the intention of his captors to carry him, is checked by the horseman on the opposite side; and if the intention is not to kill him at once, but to make him fast alive, for the purpose of baiting him next day with a bull, then the most dangerous part of the business has yet to be performed, which is that of making the bear fast alive, in such a manner as is least likely to injure him or affect his agility for the ensuing combat with his savage antagonist.

When it is the intention to keep the bear alive for the purpose of baiting him the following day, they take him as near to an oak or some other sturdy tree as they can well get him; then two horsemen try to get their lassoes over his head and one arm, and other two lasso each one a leg. These latter horsemen then drag the bear, going on opposite sides of the tree, until they get his after parts close up to the tree, with a leg on each side of it. All four horsemen now keep a tight strain with three turns round the loggerhead of each saddle, turning their horses so as to face the bear and hold back, a position which all the Californian horses are well accustomed to, and in which position they hold the greatest strain. There must now be a man on foot, who takes a good strong lasso and makes one end fast to one of the bear's legs just above the ankle, in such a manner that it will not jam or draw tight around the leg. He then leads the same lasso to the other leg, and makes it fast after the same manner, and so keeps on from leg to leg, until he has eight or ten turns. He then takes the lassoes which the two hinder horsemen have fast to the bear's legs, and casts them loose. The bear being now well secured, with the tree between his legs, and the lasso behind the tree, the forward lassoes are taken off by slacking them with long poles, pushing the sliding parts with the ends of these poles. This is a dangerous piece of work, and the lassoes are sometimes left on the bear. When this is the case, he invariably takes them off himself, though they are seldom of any service afterwards, on account of their being generally bitten to pieces.

The bear is now left with all his body perfectly free, so that he can move round and round the tree. Care is always taken not to irritate him unnecessarily, because it often happens that these ferocious animals die with rage; and sometimes water is thrown on him to freshen him—though, as this is some trouble, and consequently contrary to the inclinations of these people, it is seldom done.

This method of hunting the bear is one of the noblest diversions with which I am acquainted. There is no cruelty annexed to it, so far as the catching is concerned. The cruelty consists in the baiting the animal, of which I shall give a description hereafter; but there is something extraordinarily grand in this exercise, which requires courage, skill and activity. It requires an extraordinary degree of courage for a man to ride up beside a savage monster like the grisly bear of this country, which is nearly as active as a monkey, and whose strength is enormous. Should a lasso happen to break, which is often the case, the bear invariably attacks the horse; and it requires very often the most skilful horsemanship to prevent the horse or its rider from being injured. It requires also great skill to know when to tighten the lasso, and to what degree, to prevent it from being suddenly

snapped by too sudden a strain. The rider must have his eye constantly on that of the bear, and watch his every motion. Sometimes, either through fear, carelessness or inadvertence, a man may let go his lasso. In this case, another, if the bear takes off, (which he is likely to do,) will go as hard as his horse can run, and, without stopping his speed, will stoop from his saddle and pick the end of the lasso from the ground, and, taking two or three turns round the loggerhead of his saddle and checking his horse's rein, again detain the bear.

In short, from the moment that a person arrives at the spot fixed upon to lay wait for the bear's coming to the bait, until he is fast to a tree or killed, he feels himself elated. Every motion of those noble animals, the horses, which seem as though they were doubly proud when they feel the strain of the lasso from the saddle, and appear to take as much delight in the sport as the riders themselves, is grand beyond my power of description.

I have dwelt at length on this subject, because it surpasses everything of the kind on horseback that ever I either saw or read or heard tell of.

* * * * *

In a night skirmish the lasso is a dangerous article. A Californian will lasso a man and drag him off his horse and choke him in one minute; and, without getting off his horse, he will take his lasso off the neck of his vanquished foe, and in two minutes will be prepared for another. I have seen a man do this when fighting the wild Indians; and a man pursued by two others with a brace of pistols each, would stand a better chance of saving his life than a man pursued by one Californian within lassoing distance; because the party pursued by those with the pistols might possibly dodge and destroy the aim of his pursuers, but he who should be pursued by the Californian with his lasso, would have no means of escape, because the lasso, when thrown at anything that is running, is as true in the hands of a Californian as a rifle ball from a good marksman's steady aim. W. G.

From Chambers' Journal.

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER."

WHAT is the use of beauty? Is it intended merely to amuse the fancy for a time, and then pall, fade and be forgotten? In a system where nothing else is lost, where all is fitness and coherence, and where each part, however minute, seems as necessary to the whole as a single link is to the continuity of a chain, is this quality alone without definite meaning or permanent purpose? Analogy is against the supposition; and we must either set down beauty as an unmeaning superfluity in the scheme of creation, or else assign it an importance commensurate with the space it occupies in our thoughts.

The impressions we receive from external objects are sufficiently well understood in their momentary effects. It is customary, for instance, to say that the beauty of some still and solitary landscape, coming in amidst the conflict of the passions, tranquillizes the inquiet bosom, and smoothes the wrinkled brow. But if this is correct in the particular application, may we not deduce from it, as a result, that a habitual exposure to similar influences will have a permanent effect upon the mind? We derive pleasure from a beautiful picture; and if seen for the first time, the feeling is exaggerated by sur-

prise and suddenness. At subsequent visits, such adventitious circumstances grow fainter and fainter, our pleasure becomes more and more calm; till at length—supposing the object constantly present—we view it without any apparent emotion at all. But it is a mistake to suppose that the effects of this form of the beautiful have disappeared with their external phenomena. We feel the picture, without seeing it. We breathe in its invisible presence an atmosphere of beauty, as unconsciously as we inhale the vital air.

Beauty, therefore, is not a mere toy of the fancy, but an important agent in human progress. It is not a luxury, but a necessary. It is not adapted for one class, but for all. It would be untrue to say that beauty is not studied as an art: but hitherto it has been studied from false motives, and in a mean and contracted spirit. Governments and municipalities exercise what architectural taste they may possess, from some vague idea that a combination of the elegant with the useful is necessary to their dignity and character. Rich men lay out their parks and gardens, and fill their houses with agreeable objects, to gratify their own instinctive yearning after the beautiful; and if they extend their care to a cottage or a hamlet, it is merely because these are adjuncts of the physical picture. But no one fancies that beauty is, in reality, a public good—that it should be followed as a moral virtue—that it should be taught and disseminated as a powerful means of making mankind happier and better.

We met, the other day, with an illustration of the influence of natural scenery upon the human mind, which we could hardly have hoped for. It occurs in a little work entitled "Settlers and Convicts in the Australian Backwoods," written by a hard-working self-taught mechanic, who was struck with the effect of the localities in which they labored upon the character of the convicts. "Inanimate nature," says he, "is universally lovely in these wildernesses; and a cheerful unprejudiced eye may often observe strange assimilations going forward, in the human character, to the faultless still-life around, which God has retained under his own more immediate control." There is deep, however unconscious, philosophy in this remark. The beauty of external nature is, in truth, the immediate work of God, intended to act morally upon the mind of man. But the mind must to a certain extent be prepared to receive its impressions. Beauty, for instance, has had no more effect in civilizing the Australian savage, than in taming the kangaroo; whereas, within the heart of even the worst European convict, there is a hoard of gentle feelings and holy recollections which, buried though they be under the accumulations of vice, and folly, and woe, may be drawn forth by the congenial influences of nature.

This of itself is a sufficient answer to those, if any such there be, who inquire, What is the use of beauty? Such persons, we presume, would measure the utility of a public park by the extent of its area, by the number of cubic feet of fresh air it presents to the lungs of the people—ignorant that the health of the visitors depends in as great measure upon the picture presented to the eye. They would throw open the national galleries, the cathedrals, and the palaces, in order to improve the mind by facilitating the study of styles of art, ignorant that the tendency of such exhibitions is towards a still more important improvement—that

a spirit of beauty hovers amid these pictured walls and fretted vaults, with healing on its wing!

All these are large objects—hills and valleys, woods and waters, parks, museums, collections of pictures, and sublime or elegant edifices; and their influence will be obvious in proportion. A walk or ride in a picturesque country, or sail on a river or on the sea, are not merely beneficial to the body, as is commonly supposed, but likewise to the mind. Neither do they act upon the one through the other. The one inhales its aliment or medicine by means of the lungs, or imbibes it by the pores of the skin; while the other depends upon entirely different faculties for those images of peace or joy whose province it is to heal the spirit, by elevating it above bad and anxious thoughts. Similar wholesome images will be induced by a museum of specimens, a collection of pictures, or a concert of music, where there is no fresh air for the nourishment of the body; and the view of a fine cathedral, even when the visitor is a wholly uninformed person, will come in as a more important moral adjunct than is commonly supposed to the great truths enunciated at other times from its pulpit.

But great objects are not accessible on all occasions. Few of us, in this hard-working country, can very often walk, or ride, or sail, or go anywhere in search of what is called, however erroneously, mere amusement. Beauty, however, is not confined to places or things: it is omniform and ubiquitous. It exists in the plot of ground before the cottage, as well as in the garden or park; in the flower-pot on the sill—in the tuneful cage hung up by the window—in the picture on the wall—in the form of an article of furniture—in the color and shape of a gown or cap. It is a mistake to blame even the very poorest for the indulgence of taste—or rather it is a mistake not to cultivate taste in them as a means of moral improvement. Extravagance in dress, or anything else, has nothing to do with the question of beauty; and, at any rate, the extravagance of the poor is usually confined to matters of quite another kind. Preach to them, if you will, of the virtue of economy, the uses of time, the madness of intoxication; but spare the flower—the bird—the picture—the something—the nothing—which serve as bonds between them and the universal spirit of beauty. Touch not with irreverent hand the household gods that consecrate the homes of the poor!

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

No one can have failed to observe that cleanliness and neatness go hand in hand. A woman who is careless of the form and becomingness of her dress, is always an economist in soap and water, if in nothing else; and a slattern—a despiser of the virtue of beauty—is as bad as a pestilence at the fireside. She cannot be careless of her dress and person, without becoming careless of her husband, children, household, and generally of all her moral duties. In the present day, more especially, there is no excuse for inelegance in dress, nature and simplicity being the rule of fashion. "We are inclined to think," says the Quarterly Review on this subject, "that the female attire of the present day is, upon the whole, in as favorable a state as the most vehement advocates for what is called nature and simplicity could desire. It is a costume in which they can dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, stoop easily, loll gracefully, and, in short, perform all the duties of life without let or

hindrance. The head is left to its natural size—he skin to its native purity—the waist at its proper region—the heels at their real level. The dress is calculated to bring out the natural beauties of the person, and each of them has, as far as we see, fair play." Such being the female costume, a peasant may exercise as much taste in regard to it as a peeress; and as for colors, thanks to the perfection of our manufactures, the two parties are pretty nearly equal.

There is nothing that shows more completely the connection between external and internal beauty, than the impressions we receive from the human face and form. Habitual bad temper gives the effect of ugliness to the loveliest features; and habitual good temper renders the plainest agreeable and attractive. And these, be it observed, are the qualities of the features themselves, and do not depend—as is the case with those of an inanimate object, when a change takes place in the impressions we receive from it—upon the mood of mind of the observer. The handsome features are admitted to be correctly chiselled, and the plain features to be irregular, if not grotesque; but the character of both is changed by something we call *expression*. This expression is the spiritual part of beauty. An inanimate object gives us more or less pleasure, according to the state of mind in which we view it; but, strictly speaking, it has in itself only one expression, one form and degree of beauty; while in a human being, in whom spirit dominates over matter, the physical part takes its character almost exclusively from the mind within.

The contempt which some people affect for physical beauty of face and form, is not only irrational, but in a certain degree impious. Such beauty is of a higher kind than that of a star or a flower, on which even the most stolid think it decorous to bestow their admiration; and when sanctified and sublimed by the holy light from within, it is undoubtedly the most admirable of all the works of God. But the pleasure it gives is entirely dependent on the kind and degree of this intermixture of the esoteric and exoteric: a fact which may be placed in a sufficiently obvious light, by supposing a face of absolute perfection in the mould of the features, yet destitute of one ray of intelligence—the face of an idiot. This face excites horror instead of admiration. The deprivation of moral beauty has a similar effect to that of intellectual beauty; and in less extreme cases than those of utter fatuity or depravity, while fully admitting the physical advantages that may be possessed by the features, the pleasure we derive from them is in exact proportion to that more ethereal loveliness perceived by the mind, like all its other ideas, through impressions made upon the senses.

Upon these principles might be explained and reconciled certain varieties in love, which are usually treated, at least by the grave, as irrational or ridiculous. The love of a child has no reference to form or feature. It selects its object by means of an instinct which penetrates beyond the surface, and finds no difficulty in doting upon age, ugliness, and disease. The youth gradually forsakes the idols of his infancy as he grows up; and the young man, whose natural perceptions are entirely obliterated in the school of the world, attaches himself frantically to mere physical beauty. In the course of years—perhaps not till many years—a change ensues. He finds that he has been worshipping a phantom, grasping at a shadow—that his love was a mere delusion, and his happiness or misery noth-

ing more than a feverish dream. Then comes the triumph of mind over matter. Then do the plainest features become luminous with love in the eyes of the *rusé* man of the world. But judging no more by the unerring instinct of childhood, he is frequently deceived; and on such occasions he feels a pang far more terrible than that with which he had started from the golden visions of youth. But all is at length past—instinct obliterated, the lessons of experience forgotten; and the old man returns, with imbecile energy, to the illusions of early life, to dote once more upon physical beauty.

We have now run through a few of the common forms of the beautiful; but the catalogue is capable of almost infinite extension, and might be crowded with such incongruous images as are heaped together by a modern French poet, in his definition of the kindred word "charm;"—

"A charm! It is a vision wove
By passion—an enchantment deep—
The first sweet kiss of bashful love—
The smile that lights an infant's sleep:
It is a yellow leaf the wind
Bears wildly from the withered bough—
The calmness of the thoughtful mind—
The paleness of the thoughtful brow—"

And so on through a multitude of things, all distinct from each other, but all adapted to excite emotions of pleasure or admiration.

But our object is to show the use, permanence, and importance of beauty, as a medicine both for mind and body; and to suggest that, in cultivating the taste, we advance the moral improvement of the people. In this point of view there is philosophical truth, as well as poetical elegance, in the line of Keats, which serves as a title to these desultory remarks—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

From Chambers' Journal.

THE GARDEN OF THE GLACIERS.

BEING at Chamouny, and the weather beautifully fine, I determined to lose no time, but to visit the Jardin immediately; for I had heard, from authority I could not doubt, what a gratifying excursion it was. Accordingly, on Monday, July 22, 1844, we left Chamouny at an early hour in the morning, for the Montanvert, which we reached in such good time, that, after a moderate halt, we were able to set forth again at a quarter past eight o'clock. We were only two in party, but we were attended each by our guide; I by Ferdinand Tissay, who accompanied me to the Buet; and my companion by the celebrated Joseph Coutet. After half an hour's rough walking, we had to pass some precipitous faces of slaty rock, called *Les Ponts*, where the footing is very narrow, though firm, and where a fall would be attended with certain destruction. These once past, it became our object to launch ourselves on the ice of the *Mer de Glace*, a matter not always easy of accomplishment—for the glacier, far from presenting a smooth, unbroken surface, running up to a regular and gently-sloping shore, is rather to be likened to a tempestuous sea, with gulfs and chasms fixed between it and its inhospitable iron-bound coast; and our search for a smooth point of ingress was precisely analogous to the waiting of seamen for a lull, before launching a boat through the breakers. At last we found a smooth bridge of the unmelted winter's snow, reaching from the side of the rocky glacier-bed to the ice, by means of which we set foot on the *Mer de Glace* itself, and forthwith commenced the usual and inev-

itable marchings and countermarchings, to which the countless impediments of the glacier give rise. But before we proceed with the narrative of our day's excursion, it would perhaps be better to give some general account, however brief and slight, for the benefit of those who never have seen or set foot upon one, of what a glacier actually is. It may make the detail of our narrative more intelligible.

First, then, glaciers manifestly can exist only among snow-clad mountains; but snow-clad mountains do not necessarily produce glaciers. Why they do not, is not now the question. However, high mountains in every part of the world are covered with snow; for the fact is, that the atmosphere becomes colder as we ascend; so that, at a certain height called the snow-line, above the earth's surface, snow is always lying. This height is greatest at the equator—namely, 16,000 feet; which, in the Swiss Alps, is diminished to 8700 feet above the sea. In very high latitudes, the natural covering of the earth is snow. But it must be borne in mind that snow always lying on any spot does not lead to the inference that snow never melts there. If the snow never melted, a perpetual progressive accumulation would be the result. The position of the perpetual snow-line is nowhere the line of perpetual congelation. The snow-line is determined solely by this circumstance, that in the course of a year the snow which falls is just melted, and no more. Now, a snow-clad mountain is not a glacier. The common form of a glacier is a river of ice, filling a valley, and pouring down its mass into the valleys yet lower. It is not a frozen ocean, but a frozen torrent; wherefore the appellation of the *Mer de Glace* is calculated to convey an erroneous notion of the great glacier stream to which it is applied. Its origin or fountain is to be sought for in the ramifications of the higher valleys and gorges, which descend among the mountains perpetually snow-clad. But what gives to a glacier its most peculiar and characteristic feature is, that it does not belong exclusively or necessarily to the snowy region already mentioned. The snow disappears from its surface in summer as regularly as from that of the rocks which sustain its mass. It is the prolongation or outlet of the winter world above. Its gelid mass is protruded into the midst of warm, pine-clad slopes and greensward, and sometimes reaches even to the borders of cultivation. The very huts of the peasantry are sometimes invaded by this moving ice; and many persons now living have seen the full ears of corn touching the glacier, or have gathered ripe cherries from the tree with one foot standing on the ice.

The lower end of a glacier is usually very steep and inaccessible. The mean or middle portion is a gently-sloping icy torrent, from half a mile to two miles wide, more or less undulating on its surface, and this surface more or less broken up by crevasses, of a width of from a few inches to many feet, and of a length which sometimes extends from side to side of the glacier. This, its middle portion, too, is covered with blocks of stone, which move along with it, or rather are borne down upon its surface. The motion of the glacier is inferred from the subsistence of the ice in valleys where the daily waste is immense, and where yet the glacier maintains its position; but its progress is also well-marked by the displacement of great blocks of stone upon its surface, which, from their size or figure, cannot be mistaken, and which may be watched from year to year descending the icy stream, whose deliberate movement they mark, as

a floating leaf indicates the speed of a current of water! These rocks are detached from the cliffs, and may be seen to fall almost every summer's day, in consequence of the loosening of the icy bands which hold together fragments previously wrenched asunder by the irresistible expansion of freezing water. The stony borders now described are called moraines; which further have the epithets lateral or medial applied to them, according as they are formed by blocks detached at the sides of the glacier, or by blocks detached from the promontory or common point of meeting of the sides of two glacier streams that unite in one; a point manifestly in or about the middle of the new glacier stream resulting from the union.

Persons who have never seen a glacier may naturally suppose that its middle or lower part is fed or increased by the snows which fall annually on its surface. This is an error; for the snow as regularly disappears and melts from the surface of the glacier, as it does from the surface of the ground in its neighborhood. Here and there, in shady nooks, we see patches of the last winter's snow, of a dull, dead white, and without an approximation to the character of ice. In whatever way the middle and lower glacier may be maintained, it is most assuredly not by the assimilation into its substance of the fallen snow of winter. The case, however, differs in the higher ice world; and thither our excursion to the Jardin is about to lead us. Of these upper regions it is to be observed, that the snow disappears more and more tardily as we ascend, until we reach a point where it never disappears at all; in a word, until we reach the snow-line upon the glacier.

There are an immense number of additional most interesting phenomena connected with glaciers. But the main points respecting them to be borne in mind are, that they are the outlets of the vast reservoirs of snow of the higher Alps; that they are icy streams, or rather *bonâ fide* streams of ice, in constant flow, however slow their motion; and that the existing state of human knowledge concerning them, as put forth by the highest known authority on the subject,* amounts to this: that a glacier is an imperfect fluid or viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts.

To resume, then, our narrative. As soon as we fairly set foot on the great glacier of the *Mer de Glace*, we began our course in apparently interminable windings amongst crevasses, blocks of stone, glacier tables, and moraines, of which latter impediments we had to force a passage over three distinct embankments which follow the stream of the great glacier, the *Mer de Glace*, from the lesser and higher Glacier de L'Echaud. Glacier tables are very singular phenomena. When a large block of stone lies on the surface of the glacier, its area and thickness defends a portion of the surface of the ice from rain and the heat of the sun's rays; in a word, defends the ice immediately under it from causes of thaw, which act on the exposed ice all around; so that, whilst the general neighboring surface of the glacier in the summer sinks down, the particular spots underneath the greater blocks remain comparatively unchanged; that is, stand up above the general surface, surmounted by the blocks of stone that were in the first instance their protection; in fact, their umbrellas. Hundreds of these tables are to be seen, standing up like enormous mushrooms, all over the glacier. That the glacier

* Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh.

should be rent and torn in countless crevasses, is very conceivable, when we consider that it is an imperfect fluid, pressing slowly yet forcibly through a rocky mountain-channel of ever-varying width. The phenomena of moraines have been partially explained above. They are so far analogous to the glacier tables, that they are not what they at first sight appear to be—an embankment solely consisting of immovable rocks—but are a bank or ridge of the smoothest ice, strewn with rocks, in a state of nice equilibrium; the bank of ice having originated from the protection afforded it by the mass of rocks from the ordinary causes of thaw. Single small stones, on the other hand, lying on the surface of the glacier, do not protect it from causes of thaw; and besides, becoming heated by the sun's rays, they melt their way into the ice, and disappear in deep holes, like small wells, which they have themselves originated. All we here saw or did in the course of our walk was highly interesting; for we had never before set foot in these regions of eternal ice. At half past ten we arrived at the foot of the Couvercle, which it is necessary to ascend. The weather was so fine, and the air so clear, that out of pure indulgence we sat down here for twenty minutes to look about us, and thoroughly enjoy the scene. We had now a most sublime view of Mont Blanc, of the great and little Jorasses, (little by comparison,) of the Aiguille du Géant, of the Col du Géant, and of the countless towering Aiguilles of the entire chain of Mont Blanc. Trees we had now left far below us, but verdure not entirely. The scenery was made up of peaks and precipices, eternal ice and snow, diversified here and there with some scanty sheep, or rather, perhaps, chamois, pasture.

Next we commenced the ascent of the Couvercle, during which we obtained admirable and astonishing bird's-eye views of the crevasses of the Mer de Glace below us, and of the junction of the Glacier du Taléfre with the Mer de Glace, into which it falls in a style of extraordinary magnificence. The glacier is here brilliantly white; and by the extreme steepness of its descent, it is torn and disrupted into countless fantastic blocks, obelisks, and pyramids of ice, tossed about capriciously, as if by the wild supernatural agency of the spirit of the mountain. From some points of view, though this particular portion of the Glacier du Taléfre can scarcely have a fall of less than 2000 feet, (a mere guess, however,) one is tempted to compare it to a frozen cataract. But this comparison soon fails to hold good; and the idea that suggests itself is rather that of an enormous mass of crystals, gigantic out of all measure, yet endowed with the regularity and beauty of a specimen in a cabinet of mineralogy. This is in accordance with what I have not seldom had occasion to remark; namely, that when an object of our contemplation vastly exceeds all our ordinary notions of grandeur, there exists a tendency in our minds to compare it with something incalculably less, and even meaner; and that, strange to say, such comparisons are generally far from being inapt. I have heard the epithet *chaotic* applied to this and to other glaciers, but it is surely as unfitting an epithet as can be applied to a natural process in regular action. With this, then, together with other glorious objects alternately in sight and alternately hidden,

after a steep ascent, we arrived at a plain of perpetual snow; and after passing, with some difficulty as to footing, over the snow that fills the theatre of precipices whence the Glacier du Taléfre issues, we arrived exactly at seven minutes after twelve at the Jardin, in three hours and fifty-two minutes from the Montanvert.

The height of the lower part of the Jardin above the sea, Professor Forbes gives as being 9042 English feet, and that of the highest part as 9893 English feet.

The Jardin (or *Courtill*, as it is called in the parlance of the inhabitants of Chamouny) possesses little beauty of its own. It is a mass, or rather a not inconsiderable extent, of barren rocks, interspersed with scanty verdure, and adorned with a few wild Alpine flowers. It does not appear, when you first arrive at the spot, that it is indeed insulated in the midst of the icy desert of the glacier, although you may afterwards ascertain that it is so. The outlet in this vast encincture, from whence the glacier issues, has been compared to a volcanic crater with a side blown out. The view all around you is the most rugged, savage, and solitary that can be conceived; and the interior recesses of Mont Blanc, as you look over the great glacier of the Tacul, (another glacier stream tributary to the Mer de Glace,) are beyond description grand. With the exception of the scanty verdure growing around us, nothing was visible but rocks, ice, and snow. The weather, as I have before noticed, was exquisitely beautiful; and we remained at the Jardin an hour and a half, enjoying the brilliant calm sunshine, which at times was almost too hot, notwithstanding the fresh air from the glacier. Whilst we were eating our luncheon in this wild place, two large crows kept flying round and round, evidently watching us; and as soon as we were on the move, they flew to the spot where we had been sitting, in order to pick up the fragments of our meal.

At the Jardin is a broken bottle full of cards and papers, with the names of persons who have visited the spot written thereon. At about half-past one we began our descent. Soon after we left the Jardin, I managed inadvertently to dislodge a large stone, which, as the words of my journal run, surmounted a bank of ice covered with gravel—in other words, a large stone of a moraine; and in order to avoid grave mischance, I had to make a run for it, on a soft slope of snow, on which walking was not altogether an easy matter. The result, as might have been expected, was a fall; and besides that, I rolled some way down the wet and steep descent. This was a fair specimen of the way in which the most serious accidents may occur; but I saw the danger of coming in contact with the stone, and was prepared for anything rather than encountering the full career of the Sisyphean burden I had let loose. Coutet and the rest good-humoredly rallied me on my extraordinary activity. At length we came to the foot of the Couvercle, and once more set foot on the Mer de Glace; and made the best of our way to the little auberge on the Montanvert, which we reached at five minutes before four o'clock, having descended from the Jardin in two hours and twenty-five minutes, and having been absent from the Montanvert seven hours and forty minutes. We then returned all together, to Chamouny.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE ARMENIAN LEPER.

TOWARDS the close of one of those long, bright, sultry days which succeed each other with such unvarying sameness during the summer of Asia Minor, a caravan consisting of a string of some thirty or forty camels defiled slowly through the beautiful vale of St. Anne. This magnificent valley, at the entrance of which lies the city of Smyrna, in all the pride of her oriental beauty, is of vast extent, and remarkable for its luxurious vegetation. It stretches many miles into the interior of the country, closed in on all sides by lofty mountains.

The picturesque procession having wound through the last deep ravine, at the steady, undeviating pace of the untiring camel, at last emerged into the open country, and came to a halt. It was here that the travellers, who had availed themselves of the protection of the caravan so long as their path was the same with its appointed course, were to separate from their companions, and choose each his track over the wide, desolate plain that lay before them. These were chiefly Europeans; and amongst the number were two young Englishmen, who, having heard that somewhere in this direction the remains of a temple had been lately found, had set out in quest of it, although with only an indefinite idea as to the locality of the ruins.

The tinkling of the camel bells was scarcely lost in the distance before the adventurers began to bethink themselves of the admonitions they had received from their companions. The night had fallen so suddenly that it seemed as though the darkness had been absolutely hurled down upon the earth from the depths of the dark blue sky. No indications of the ruins they sought presented themselves; and what was more, the Smyrniotes had not left them in ignorance that no human habitation existed within a distance of very many miles.

For a time they wandered recklessly on, thinking they would find a couch quite soft enough among the low aromatic shrubs which clothed the desert where they were roaming; but soon the idea of quitting their saddles at all was tacitly given up, notwithstanding the fatigue of their jaded horses; for on all sides, now far off, now so near that they started involuntarily, rose the ominous howling of the beasts of prey, whose numbers render the vicinity of Ephesus so dangerous. They were now greatly at a loss how to proceed, or in what manner to pass the night till the returning day should enable them to shape their course in safety, when suddenly they perceived a faintly-twinkling light gleaming on the plain at a short distance before them.

Greatly surprised at a sight so unexpected in this dreary solitude, they gladly hurried towards it, and soon distinguished in the dim starlight the dark outline of a heap of ruins, where broken arches and prostrate columns lay mingling together. They had no doubt that this was the temple they were in search of; but the light which now appeared to burn steadily in the interior was not so easily accounted for. Advancing to the spot, they dismounted; and having fastened their horses to a pillar, proceeded to explore the ruins, which were of considerable extent, on foot. Guided by the mysterious ray, which brightened as they approached, they at length reached a large, rudely-constructed aperture, through which they could perceive a small lamp placed in a niche of the wall, which strongly illuminated a very singular chamber. The broken

pillars, with large stones brought from some other part of the building, had been so disposed as to form a circular wall, whilst the roof had originally been a part of that of the temple itself; a window and a door facing each other had been fashioned with considerable skill; and a couch, composed of the long leaves of the Indian corn, carefully dried, showed that it was the habitation of a human being. Directly facing them, the occupant of this strange apartment himself was seated, intently engaged on some absorbing employment, whilst a large book lay open at his side. He was a man seemingly of some fifty years of age, with a mild and pleasing countenance, which was stamped with a peculiarly calm and peaceful expression. His dress was that worn by the Armenians of the lower orders; and his long beard and flowing hair rendered his appearance strikingly picturesque.

The intruders gazed at him for a few minutes, and then advancing, were about to enter the apartment to crave his hospitality for the night. At the sound of their footsteps, the solitary man suddenly started from the ground, and as soon as his eye fell on the strangers, careless of the customary forms of eastern politeness, he held out his hands as though to ward them off, and exclaimed, "Stand back! At your peril come no further!" He spoke in Italian; and the Englishmen, half-smiling at the idea that he probably took them for robbers, answered in the same language, "You need not fear; we will not injure you." A smile, in which there was intense melancholy, passed over the lips of the solitary.

"You will not injure me, I well believe," he answered, in a low, sad voice; "but I should harm you."

"How!" exclaimed the strangers, instinctively grasping their pistols.

"Not willingly," continued he. "There is no danger for you, if you do not touch me; and if you require food and shelter, as I imagine you do, most gladly will I now afford you both. It has been my privilege to prepare a resting-place for travellers benighted like yourselves upon the plain, and it is my greatest joy when they avail themselves of it."

The Englishmen looked at one another; for the manners and language of the solitary were by no means in accordance with the meanness of his dress and appearance. But he gave them no time for reflection; taking the lamp from the wall, he gathered his garments closely round him, and passing them at as great a distance as he could, said, "Follow me: for at your peril you must not enter here!" They obeyed; and leading them to the door of a room somewhat similar to that he had quitted, he stood aside, and signed to them to enter.

It was furnished with several couches of dried leaves, covered with panther skins; and in the centre stood a small table, roughly constructed of uneven wood. When the travellers had completed their survey, they found that their singular host had retired, leaving the lamp on the threshold; but in a few minutes he reappeared, carrying several vases of fresh water, and a large basket filled with grapes and other fruits, just gathered—a circumstance which seemed also somewhat unaccountable in the midst of a desert plain. These he placed at the door, and requested them to lift the provisions themselves on the table. As he stooped, the light of the lamp shone full in his face, and the strangers suddenly started with an involuntary feeling of loathing, as they became aware of the strange and deadly whiteness which characterized it. The

solitary perceived and understood the movement; he crossed his arms on his breast, (an attitude indicative in the east of entire submission,) and said calmly, "Even so; I am a leper." The travellers had been long enough in the East to be aware of the virulent nature of this dreadful disease, and of the unfailing certainty of its communication by contagion, though the touch by which it is conveyed were only from the garment of the afflicted person. They now, therefore, understood and appreciated the generous precautions of their unhappy host, and complied with his request to sit down and partake of the repast he had provided, whilst he himself sat on the ground at the door, in order to supply any wants which might occur to them.

Whilst availing themselves gladly of the refreshment they so much required, the travellers continued to look with deep interest on the sufferer, seemingly so patient under such a grievous trial; and but for the dread of reawakening his sorrows, they would have inquired into the details of a history that could not fail to be most striking. He was himself, however, the first to open the subject.

"You now understand," he said, "why it is that I live among these solitary ruins, an outcast and an exile, not from my country only, but from all mankind. My disease is the incurable leprosy, for which there is no hope till its power over my mortal body shall be replaced by the corruption of the grave itself. Living, I shall never more know the friendly pressure of a fellow-creature's hand; and dying, my fainting head must not even make its last resting-place on the bosom of a stranger!"

"What a fate!" exclaimed the Englishmen with the accent of pity.

"What a blessed—what a noble fate!" exclaimed the leper enthusiastically, "if I thereby fulfil the purpose of my creation, as ordained by the All-Wise, whose prerogative alone it is to draw out good from evil! Inglesi, you look surprised to hear the poor forlorn leper speaking thus; but you are young, and your eyes are yet dazzled with the false glitter of this world's perishable joys. If you please, I will tell you the story of my life, and so accomplish a part of the end for which I suffer, if it teach you hereafter, when adversity shall stand upon your threshold, to open wide the door, and welcome to your hearth and home that destroyer of all selfish peace and blind security!" The strangers signified their satisfaction at the proposal; and the leper, drawing as near to them as he could consistently with their safety, began at once to relate his history.

"I am an Armenian by birth, as my dress sufficiently indicates; but you would not guess, from my appearance now, that I was the only child of the richest diamond merchant of Broussa, a fair Asiatic town, whose name, it may be, you have scarcely ever heard. I was sole heir to all his wealth, and from my earliest infancy I dwelt in his splendid habitation, surrounded by every luxury which a pampered fancy could desire. He died when I was quite a boy, and I remained under the care of an uncle, who, being in fact dependent on me for support, was abundantly careful to gratify my every wish. This injudicious treatment might have been my ruin, had not my own inclination fortunately led me in a course that saved me from falling into idleness and dissipation. You are aware that we are Christians; the foundation of the Armenian church having been laid in the earliest days of an organized Christianity, and continuing with the same forms and ceremonies to the present day.

From the first dawn of my reasoning powers it was my ambition to become a priest; not so much, however, from any particular vocation, as from the certainty that by this means alone I could have an opportunity of gratifying my studious propensities and passionate love of reading. Those only of the young Armenian men who are destined for the church receive any kind of education; and such was my intense desire for knowledge, that when, as a candidate for the priesthood, our libraries (which are extremely ancient) were opened to me, I went far beyond the regular routine of study incumbent on me as such, and devoted my whole time to the pursuit of science and learning. Having acquired all the more important languages of the east—the Sanscrit, Hebrew, and others—I became desirous of gaining also those currently in use in Europe; and for this purpose I made a journey to Italy, for Broussa has little or no connection with the civilized world, and, more than any other town in Asia Minor, has retained its national characteristics and primitive customs. On my return I was admitted to the priesthood; and none could have been less qualified than myself for this high calling, as far as humility and self-denying virtue are requisite for it; but the authoritative power with which it invested me, suited well with my aspiring views; and this, along with my immense wealth and great reputation for learning, soon placed me in such an elevated position amongst my townsmen, as gratified to the uttermost my worldly ambition and inordinate pride. Ah! my friends, mine was then the leprosy of the soul—far worse than that which now afflicts my mortal body! Whilst the motives of my best actions sprung from no pure source, I avoided all outward contamination with the most haughty and fastidious care. Too slothful, and too greedy of man's applause, to practise asceticism and retirement from the world, I mingled freely with those of my fellow-men who would admire my knowledge and laud my seeming sanctity, whilst I turned away from all the sinful and degraded without an attempt to reclaim them. To such a height did I carry my abhorrence of all things unclean, that I neglected, in consequence, one entire portion of my duties as priest; this was the care of the leper hospital, established at some distance from the town as a refuge for the victims of that fatal malady, to which a retributive justice has now consigned myself. It is true, in flying from the very sight of these miserable beings, and scrupulously avoiding all contact with them, I only obeyed the custom of the country, and the still more universal law of self-preservation—that which actuates yourselves even now; but it is a rule of the creed I professed that a man should give his life for the brethren, if need be; and therefore that was in me a crime which in others was not so. But the hour of reckoning with me was at hand. There is a certain festival in the Armenian church, when it is customary that the priest should address the people. This was ever for me a day of exultation and vain display, for then only could I manifest the extent of my knowledge, and startle with the thunders of my eloquence.

"I loved, in my arrogance, to tower over all that kneeling crowd, and show them what I myself must be in the high standard of virtue I presented for their example! The last time I performed this duty of my calling, the subject I chose was that of charity; and I found an ample field for my stern disdain and bold comparisons, in pointing out to them the wide difference between my own high theories

respecting this universal law, and the practical system of its performance in Mohammedan countries, where the master of scores of tortured and crouching slaves erects an hospital for cats, or commands that, after his death, a little reservoir for the rain-water shall be hewn out on his tombstone, that the birds may come and drink. I showed them how, virtually, they had all renounced the common brotherhood which binds in one the human race; how, daily, their rude hands tore asunder the fraternal tie between man and man! And when I had concluded, I passed with haughty step through the ranks of my humbled listeners, and went out to a grove of cypress near the town, to indulge in the pleasant reflections which arose abundantly from my gratified vanity. I had wandered on for some time, wrapt in thought, when a deep groan, sounding near me, caused me to turn round, and I perceived an unhappy wretch, evidently in great suffering, vainly endeavoring to crawl to a stream that flowed near him, where he might quench his thirst. At a glance—as quickly as you, Inglesi, perceived the malady in me—I saw that he was a leper, and I could easily account for his forlorn situation in this wood, which was near the hospital I have already mentioned. In Asiatic towns, when it is discovered that a man is afflicted with leprosy, especially if it be that species of the disease which is incurable, he becomes, for all his friends and relatives, as one dead, and even those nearest and dearest to him renounce him as utterly as though he were a perfect stranger. Instantly, lest with an hour's delay the contamination should spread, he is driven forth, not only from house and home, but from all human habitation, and left to find his way, in the first agonies of his complaint, to the only refuge left to him, if he perish not on the road, as many do.

"No sooner did this victim of so terrible a doom distinguish the footstep of a man, than, lifting up his voice, he implored of me, by every sacred name, to find means to give him to drink, for that he was perishing of thirst. But I, heedless of his misery, gathered carefully my robes around me, and fled from his presence with abhorrence. As I did so, suddenly, like a warning voice, I seemed to hear, reëchoed back upon my ear, the words which I myself had spoken but an hour before—the burning words, wherein I showed how charity meant love, and sternly announced that on every human being that law of love was laid, commanding them to cherish one another even to their own detriment! My friends, a man may hear the exhortations of another, and callously continue in his sins; but when by his own words he is judged, when his better self stands forward to condemn him, his conscience must be seared, more even than mine had been with all my pride and folly, to enable him to remain in obstinacy. I had been about to leave a fellow-creature to perish in the worst of agonies. I paused—I turned—I hesitated. Then it occurred to me that I could, without much peril to myself, enable the sufferer to reach the water's edge, by taking off my scarf, several yards in length, and giving him one end to hold, whilst the other, grasped in my hands, would enable me to drag him to the streamlet. How little I merited the blessings the leper invoked upon my head as he saw me turn! How he seized my girdle with the energy of one whose life depended on this aid! till slowly, and by toilsome degrees, I drew him to the river's brink. Alas! the effort had so exhausted him, that when there, he was incapable of standing on his feet to descend the bank and drink. I had again

turned to leave him. I imagined I could do no more, though I saw that, with the water almost rippling to his feet, he could not obtain one drop for his parched lips. I moved away, despite of his cries. With one desperate effort he threw himself forward. He grasped my robe! I uttered a cry of horror! He seized my hand! Maddened with terror, I tore myself from his grasp. I flung him from me with a violence which sent him rolling backwards amongst the stones; and I fled, as though I were pursued by demons. For the next week, what a life was mine! Forever haunted by one ghastly fear, which embodied all I ever had most dreaded, this much of good was in me even then, that I avoided the personal contact of my friends and servants, lest, even before the disease declared itself, some contagion should spread: and woe is me! never before had the human voice seemed so sweet to me, or my soul so yearned for human sympathy! My heart seemed to swell, even to bursting, with tenderness for those whose friendly hand I dared not touch; and at last the struggle of my feelings was so violent, that I was seized with a raging fever, and became delirious. Inglesi, from that unconsciousness I awoke in the leper hospital! During my illness, the fatal disease communicated to me (as it could not fail to be) by that one touch of the leper's hand had declared itself, and nothing could save me, loved, respected as I had been, from the common doom of my fellow-sufferers; the curse was upon me which forever separated me from the sympathy of human beings! This only they did for me, in consideration, perhaps, of the position I had held before—they had me conveyed in safety to the hospital, and did not throw me out on the roadside to perish, as was but too customary; but there they left me, and from that hour I existed no more for all who had known me or loved me! And I awoke to know this, to feel it; to shrink, and shudder, and moan, as I thought that henceforward my sole companionship was to be with those loathsome beings whom I had ever avoided with such deep abhorrence. I was one of them! Freely they gathered round me, and touched me, and placed their terrible deformity, in which I shared, before my very eyes! I could not bear it; I was maddened by the sight. One night I made my escape from the hospital, and fled back towards the town where I had dwelt, so blessed with all that earth could give. I well knew I never could regain my position, or the wealth of which my uncle had taken possession, according to the law; but I had a yearning to look on human faces not disfigured by that dreadful taint, and I rushed wildly onward to the gates, with a faint hope that I might enter unperceived. All fled at my approach, as I had fled when he implored me; and when I reached the town, I was driven back with curses. I turned to fly, and they pursued me, trying to stone me to death; but I was fired with all the energy of my despair, and escaped far into the desert, where at least if none were near to comfort, there was no leper's hideous face to torture me! It was night: a cloudless heaven was above me, a changeless wilderness around; and I was alone, struggling in a solitude which should be mine eternally, till I went to seek companions among the mouldering dead! Then the full horror of my sentence caused my brain to reel. I flung myself down upon the desert sands; I raved, I wept, and, in my despair, gave way to the most impious thoughts.

"In this mood I lay till morning dawned, and then I rose to look upon the scene around me—a

wide, uninterrupted field of burning sand, where the sunbeams revelled in unbroken splendor. One prominent object only met my eye. Close to me grew a tall and graceful palm-tree, towering up against the deep blue sky. I advanced, and passed my arm round the slender stem, for I seemed to have a sort of companionship with it. Like myself, it was a lonely, solitary thing; and surely its existence in that vast desert must be useless, as my own would be henceforward. But as I looked on it, I was struck with wonder and admiration. In my happier days, I had been too much engrossed with my ambitious occupations and absorbing selfishness to have time to study the marvellous perfection displayed in the minutest works of nature, and now I gazed with almost childish delight on the exquisite beauty of every leaf on those long feathery branches, and the perfect adaption of each delicate fibre or fold of veined bark to the purpose for which it was intended. The tree was thickly laden with fruit; the ripe dates strewed the ground all around me. I easily gathered a sufficient quantity to allay the hunger which had assailed me; and I then perceived that there grew, beneath the protecting shade of the lonely palm, several low bushes of the pitcher plant, whose bright green leaves do so marvellously take a vase-like form, and catch every drop of rain or dew till they have secreted a cool, delightful draught, which has saved the life of many a way-worn traveller in the desert. With this I quenched my thirst, and with all my wants thus satisfied, I sat down at the foot of the friendly palm, and fell into deep meditation.

"This fair tree, alone in the desert, whose existence I compared to my own, had abundantly proved that it was not a thing created in vain, were it but for the relief it had even now afforded to my sufferings; and there was to me something ennobling in the idea, that the germ of the vegetable life might have been placed in the sand, and passed through the various stages of its mysterious growth and fruition, till it came to be this stately palm, with the sole purpose, as ordained by the Creator, of hereafter alleviating the pangs of one of His human creatures. Be this as it might, it was impossible for me not to perceive, as I continued to examine all the perfections of its formation, with eyes opening for the first time to the actual wonders of nature, that the consummate wisdom therein displayed had been exercised for some one fore-determinate purpose, and that this purpose was good. Moreover, that guiding power which had directed the symmetrical outline of each tiny leaf upon my desert tree, had doubtless in like manner ruled every passing event in the life of reasoning beings. In that case, if all things on earth were tending to the great consummation of the overcoming of evil by good, the individuality even of suffering might well be forgot in the joy of adding our petty efforts to so glorious an end. My past life rose up before me, with its vanity, its utter egotism, its evil, fostered continually in my own breast, and disseminated by my influence on others. Surely thrice welcome the leprosy which had torn me from my stronghold of pride and ambition, and cast me out into the desert, to be alone with—thought! My friends, I will not weary you with all my reflections during the long days when my mind was disciplined in that wilderness, till I learned to comprehend that, by the victory which one individual obtains over the germ of evil in his own bosom, the whole human race is advanced

a step. Face to face with truth, in the immensity of that solitude, I beheld all things in their real light, and became at last what I now am—most happy in trusting submission.

"After a time, I found that my friendly palm-tree was no longer sufficient for my wants; and besides, I was desirous of so regulating my future life, that I might be enabled, so far as my infirmity would permit, to perform my share in the great duty incumbent on every man—the continual endeavor to benefit his kind. I travelled on for many days, seeking a suitable resting-place as near as might be to the haunts of men—of those for whom I desired to live, though forever cast out from amongst them. I came at length to this spot, and fancied that it seemed, as it were, prepared as a habitation for me; every facility was here afforded me of providing all that was necessary for my daily wants. The soil was good, and would readily admit of cultivation; and if I could establish a certain degree of communication with a village which lies at no great distance, I might thus obtain the seeds and implements which were requisite to make it yield the fruits you now see before you. I required but little; and I looked forward to a life of solitude without dread. The mosque belonging to the village stood, as those places of worship usually do, at a little distance from the habitations of the people; and I repaired thither next morning, keeping at a distance where it was not possible I could injure any one. At break of day, as I expected, the muezzin appeared to sound the call to prayers; and when he had concluded, whilst he still stood on the minaret's gallery, I drew near, and addressed him without danger to himself. He willingly entered into the arrangement I proposed, and agreed to bring the provisions then necessary, as well as everything else I required, to a certain stone on the plain, where he was to find in exchange a magnificent diamond ring that still remained on the hand none had dared to touch. By this means I was enabled to establish myself, with all the comforts you now see around me, in this my home. Years have gone by since then; my vines yield fruit, my garden flourishes, and I am contented, or rather I am most happy, for I have found it possible, Pariah as I am, to link myself to the beloved human race, by the power of conferring benefits. My daily occupation is to weave the long reeds which grow on the banks of the stream into baskets and mats. These I cast on the bosom of the friendly rivulet, and its gentle waters bear them down to the village through which it flows; from thence they are withdrawn by the peasants, who sell them at the neighboring town; and more than once, when the fructifying rains have delayed their beneficent dews, the produce of my work has saved them from famine.

"Inglesi, you have listened patiently to this my tale, and now you must lie down to rest. To-morrow you return to the world, and it may be that, when you mingle with its dazzling pleasures, and are allured by its vain hopes, you will appreciate them at their true value, remembering how an inward conviction in faith and trust could make a solitary leper thrice blest in a desert."

Whether the Englishmen profited by these admonitions, the record saith not. Next morning they departed, to take their part in the stir of life again, but the Armenian leper still dwells alone among the ruins of the temple.

DR. CHALMERS.

WE cannot close our notices of the events of the month without a tribute of respect to the memory of one whom it has pleased God, during that period, suddenly to call away from his earthly labors to his eternal rest—we mean Dr. Chalmers. Though preëminently the ornament and the strength of the community in Scotland to which he belonged, yet every other Protestant church throughout Christendom may justly claim a property in the labors of Dr. Chalmers, and deplore their termination. His name has been long in high repute as a man of science, as a deep and original writer on questions of political economy, and more especially on that branch of the subject which peculiarly belongs to the Christian philosopher, the civic economy of large towns.

As a professor of theology, charged with the instruction of students in divinity, he was greatly valued by those who attended his lectures. But he was most generally known as a preacher, whose powers were of the highest order; riveting the attention alike of statesmen, scholars, and merchants, and of the poor and illiterate; and producing a deep and abiding effect upon the hearts of many of his hearers. It would be vain to attempt, especially in these early days of mourning for his loss, a distinct notice of his multitudinous labors, and of the power which he exercised in the moral and religious movements of his age; still less to pass a critical judgment upon any portion of his career on which there has been a variety of opinion. We cannot, however, omit to notice his value as an advocate of those evangelical principles which it has been the great design of our labors to uphold.

Dr. Chalmers first became generally known as a religious character by his published address to the inhabitants of Kilmany, upon his relinquishing the pastoral charge which he had held amongst them. In this he gave to the world a memorable testimony of the insufficiency of every intellectual and moral talent to produce any real good in human nature, apart from the simple preaching of the cross of Christ. His testimony was grounded upon his own experience in his ministry before and after he had discovered this momentous truth; and it was given with a grace and simplicity of expression which arrested the attention of thousands. From that day the cause of evangelical truth had the advantage of all the weight and influence which the name of Chalmers brought with it amongst men of genius, rank, or science.

Other contemporary names might be mentioned with similar honor, but not one of which the influence was spread through a wider circle, or less alloyed by extraneous prejudices or by human infirmities.—*Christian Observer*.

MAY 31. Died at Edinburgh, aged 67, the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, LL. D., principal and primarius Professor of Theology in the Free Church of Scotland.

Dr. Chalmers was born at Anstruther, in Fifeshire, in April, 1780, and prosecuted his literary and theological studies at the University of St. Andrews. On becoming a licentiate of the church of Scotland, and even after his ordination as a minister of that church, he entered on engagements of a more general kind than those usually filled in connection with the clerical profession. He became a member of a yeomanry corps, and delivered different courses of scientific lectures in the neighbor-

hood of his native town. After officiating for about two years as assistant in the parish of Cavers, he obtained a presentation to the living of Kilmany, in Fifeshire. While there he continued to prosecute his scientific studies, and when the chair of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh became vacant by the translation of Professor Playfair to the chair of Natural Philosophy, he was one of the many candidates who competed with the late Sir John Leslie for the vacant honor. He withdrew, however, at an early stage of the protracted contest which ensued. At this period the French war was raging, and, fired with patriotic fervor, Chalmers produced a volume on "The Extent and Stability of the National Resources." It inculcated, amidst much that was questionable, some sound views in political economy; but its vehemence of tone, although at times lofty and eloquent, prevented it from making any great impression, and it was not reprinted in his collected works, afterwards published in 25 vols. For some years he slumbered in his greatness at Kilmany, enjoying little more than provincial reputation, till the publication of some isolated sermons and his contribution of the article "Christianity" to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, edited by Sir D. Brewster, all of which were marked by evangelism of tone, and expressed in a style of rugged and original grandeur. The latter composition was afterwards separately published under the title of "Evidences of the Christian Revelation."

In 1814 he was translated to the Tron Church of Glasgow, and while there, rose to the altitude of the greatest preacher of the day. He became one of the lions of Scotland, and no visit to the country was reckoned complete unless Chalmers was heard preaching. A succession of writers, from Lockhart, in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," down to Gilfillan, in his "Literary Portraits," have all described the peculiarities of his pulpit eloquence; and the provincial Scotch accent, the guttural voice, the heavy blue eye kindling into fury, the uncouth gestures, are all familiar to their readers. But, not content with theological triumphs, Chalmers entered the scientific arena, and treading its plains with majestic step, produced in 1817 his "Discourses on Astronomy." In the town of Glasgow, the new church of St. John's was expressly built for his accommodation. His "Commercial Discourses" were published in 1818, his "Occasional Discourses in the Tron Church and St. John's Church" in 1819 and 1820, and "The Civic and Christian Economy of Large Towns" in 1821.

After laboring for some years in Glasgow he was appointed, in 1824, to the professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. His arrival gave an impulse to that ancient seminary, which brought back much of the glory of its former days; but it was a sphere too narrow for the genius of Chalmers. In May, 1825, he was invited to take a chair in the then projected London University. He appears, however, to have at once declined the proposal, for reasons which will be most obvious to those who knew him best, but may be sufficiently apparent to all who have read his works. During the period of his settlement at St. Andrews he published his works on Endowments, on Political Economy, his Bridgewater Treatise, and his Lectures on the Romans. Altogether, his published works form 25 volumes; and they have been very largely circulated. In addition to them he has made many and important contributions to periodical literature. In 1828 he was removed to the chair

of Theology in the University of Edinburgh, the highest academical distinction which could be conferred. Here, undisturbed by change, he prosecuted his labors for some years; but that appointment, however dignified in point of status, was but poorly endowed, and offered little pecuniary advantage to a man having a family to provide for, and who scattered his bounty with no stinted hand. Accordingly, when the corresponding and richer chair in the University of Glasgow became vacant, he offered himself as a candidate; but the patronage was vested in the college—Chalmers had become a non-obtrusionist, and that was enough. Constitutional principles had to be vindicated, and Sir James Graham, who at the time held a university-office, went to Glasgow on purpose, and voted with the majority that excluded Thomas Chalmers. Mere money for hoarding was no vice of his, for he had previously refused the West Church of Greenock, the highest living in the church; and against pluralities he waged a long and deadly war. Next came, in the year 1843, the disruption of the Church of Scotland, when, as a matter of course, he resigned his chair, and was elected principal and primarius professor of theology to the seceding body. Few scholars had accumulated so many academic honors as Dr. Chalmers. He received the degree of LL. D. from the University of Oxford, and was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Institute of France—honors never before accorded to a Presbyterian divine, and seldom to a Scotsman. In fine, while living he received all the homage and respect usually accorded to great men when dead, and this mainly because, while living, he was a good man as well as a great man. With him religion was no idea, but a fact. It was not a mere theory on which he could expatiate with a wondrous grasp of intellect, illustrate with the most vivid imagination, and set before an audience in all the perspicuity and clearness that a complete mastery of his subject could accomplish. It was a living faith, that mingled in all his thoughts, imparted a tone to his language, and moulded his actions; it was realized in his whole course of conduct. His attainments in science, his genius, his life, seemed devoted to one end—to raise his country by the lever of religion.

Dr. Chalmers retired early to rest on the evening of Sunday, May 30, apparently in perfect health, and died calmly during the night, the bed-clothes being found undisturbed about his person. His papers and writing materials lay beside him in the bed, evidently with the intention of giving his morning thoughts to the report, which he had to deliver the next day from the college committee to the general assembly of the Free Church.

The Rev. Doctor has left behind him a widow to lament his loss, and a family of (we believe) six daughters, two of whom are married, the one to the Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Ratho, the other to the Rev. Dr. Hanna, of Skirling, editor of the *North British Review*; and four unmarried.

The funeral of this distinguished man took place on Friday the 4th of June, when his remains were committed to the earth in the cemetery at Grange, near Edinburgh, in the presence of many thousand persons, the funeral procession consisting of the civic authorities, the gentry, the magistracy, and numbers of ministers—not only of the Free Church, but of the Established Church of Scotland, and of various dissenting congregations, who, together with other mourners, amounted to nearly 2000 per-

sons. Upwards of 40 carriages formed the rear of the procession, in which were Lords Moncrieff, Robertson, and Ivory, Sir J. H. Maxwell, Principal Lee, Professors Robertson, Simpson, Wilson, Alison, &c. The carriages of the Duchess of Gordon, of the Lord President, the Lord Provost, and Sir James Forrest, were also in the procession. The ranks of the procession formed in two lines, between which the coffin was borne along, followed by the son of Dr. Hanna, as chief mourner, the relatives of the deceased, &c.—*Gent. Mag.*

From the Spectator.

THE COMING CONFISCATION IN IRELAND.

It will be no surprise to our readers that a sweeping social revolution should take place in Ireland; they have long since been made aware that this was as inevitable as the crisis of a fever before convalescence. The question is, not how to avoid it, which would be the idle discussion of an impossibility, but how it can be made safest and most effectual for a healthy reaction. An able writer in the *Morning Chronicle* points out in detail one process by which the extensive shifting of social relations in Ireland will probably begin at no distant day; but by the same exposition it is apparent that the government has completed no preparations for aiding the process so as to turn it to the best account.

By the operation of the newly enacted poor laws, our contemporary shows, large tracts of land in Ireland are already confiscated. This is made out by calculations based on the actual expenditure for the relief of the destitute. In five unions of Mayo—Ballina, Ballinrobe, Castlebar, Stoneford and Westport—the present aggregate rate of expenditure is £908,200; the annual value of the rateable property is £316,600; the population of these five unions is 418,000, more than half of whom seem to be receiving daily rations.

Now it would be impossible to collect rates to repay that expenditure—or one third of it—or even one sixth; for the payment on account of the destitute is not the only charge to which the property is liable; there are other parochial charges, besides the claims of mortgages. The guardians, of course, will not confiscate their own property by assessing and levying the requisite rates; of course they will abdicate their poor-law function; the poor-law commissioners will be obliged to enforce the law, and the landlords will be swept away. The case of Mayo is extreme; but the difference between a small dividend and a large does not help the insolvent. Taking in twenty-five other unions besides those already mentioned, we have an area of 5,766,600 statute acres; the present rate of expenditure is 3,446,210/., the annual value of the property only 2,163,710/. A fourth part of Ireland, therefore, is unable to pay its present poor-rates, and has no prospect of being able to make good the outlay within any reasonable time; its landlords must give up their tenure.

The *Globe* points out circumstances for consolation. The pressure is due to a temporary emergency—the failure of the potato crop; a more economical administration of the poor relief will prevail; other processes—of employing labor, and so forth—will mitigate the distress. True in the abstract; but the pressure is too extreme and imperative to allow much time for counteractive processes, especially as Irish landlords have not the most unlimited credit in the world—witness their

inability to make up railway capital without applying for government aid.

Nor are these counteractions the only other processes at work. Lord John Russell's reason for withdrawing the bill to facilitate the sale of encumbered estates lays bare another active process of confiscation. Lord John understood that, if the bill passed into a law, divers insurance companies would call in money on mortgages to the amount of 1,000,000*l.*; in other words, Lord John understood that the bill would work briskly, and for that reason he withdrew it! He seems to think that the withdrawal is merely an act of prudence. It might be so if the revolutionary crisis could be prevented; but that is impossible; simply to defer the process only prolongs its pain; and it seems likely enough that confiscation under the poor-law would have been usefully relieved through a simultaneous confiscation by another process; especially as the peculiar mode of confiscating to a mortgage would probably facilitate the transfer of the land to more efficient owners.

But the very fact that such an apprehension induces Lord John Russell to withhold the bill illustrates the precarious tenure by which Irish lands are held, not merely in individual cases, but in large classes. Here we see lands to the value of 1,000,000*l.* threatened with instant confiscation by the mortgage process; there, thirty unions threatened with the same result by the still more powerful poor-assessment process. The undermining of proprietary rights is wide-spread; an explosion is imminent. The measures of government should be of proportionate breadth and vigor—in a word, the very reverse of what they are. Lord John Russell has entered upon "a system" of subsidizing petty Irish interests with small bounties for the "encouragement" of commercial activity. Coaxing railways into existence, enticing fisheries to be, and such small, slow results, will not serve for the vast and sudden upturn which is impending. It is not retail trade, but wholesome national measures of statesmanship, that are demanded at the moment.

Whole communities are about to be dissolved from great social relations; whole districts of land are about to be thrown into the market. Who will buy? Not the Irish, for they are destitute. Nor the English, while the market is glutted; while the land is crowded, not with a laboring but with a pauper population; not while property is to be held under the rule of Ribandism or open revolution. If our statesmen were equal to the task which fate has allotted to them, if they were really determined to render this mighty overturning of the present order of things comparatively safe—which they might do—they would bestir themselves to adopt such measures as should supply for the time the want of those spontaneous processes by which society is usually regulated. A state assumption of lands, with some intelligible and trustworthy method of administration, during the transition, would relieve the glutted land market. A measure of national and systematic transplanting would relieve the land of its hordes of paupers, converting the residue into a real laboring population. An efficient machinery for defence would be a visible and palpable gage for the safety of the purchaser and his investment under a state guarantee. Were such measures at once adopted and enforced with activity, the process of redemption might go on in Ireland concurrently with confiscation and revolution.

THE AMERICAN ARMY IN MEXICO.

THE following interesting description of the American conquerors of Mexico is the translation of a letter from a native of Puebla.—*London Times*.

PUEBLA, May 16.

Mr. Worth apparently did not wish to keep the public in suspense after his official communication, and accordingly the head of his column appeared at an early hour opposite the gate of Amozoc. The towns-people seemed undisturbed. The whole city, with the exception of the dry goods shops, which remained closed, presented its ordinary aspect, and no one would have supposed that a hostile army was expected. About half-past 10 o'clock a party of 100 cavalry separated from the division, and entered by the streets of Alguacil Mayor, San Cristobal, &c., to the square, from which they withdrew by way of Santo Domingo to the barrack of San Jose. Curiosity to see the Yankees overcame the alarm so natural at the moment. The people crowded the streets, and nearly all the balconies in the line were filled with spectators. You will excuse this curiosity when you reflect that it was excited by the men of Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo, who, in the mouths of the vulgar, passed for diabolical prodigies, and in the mustacheoed lips for at least human prodigies. I myself yielded to the impulse, and breaking a vow of seclusion, sallied forth to become acquainted with our future masters. Imagine my surprise, and that of all the world, when, instead of the Centaurs we expected, I saw a hundred gallowes-faced men, uniformed (if the dress which most of them wore could be called such) with poverty and bad taste, many of them in their shirt-sleeves, armed with swords, carbine, and pistols of a common kind, their horses large indeed, but heavy, and devoid of grace, like all their race, and with no other ornament than a plain saddle and bridle. Thus much for the accessories. With respect to the men, I shall only say that for ten good figures there were as many sick, rickety, and even deformed. Add to this the disgusting want of cleanliness of all these men, and you have a picture the most un-military possible, and which I should call revolting, were it not mixed with some grotesque figures at which it was impossible to help laughing. This is no exaggeration; I state sincerely my first impression and that of all present. From some roofs hisses were heard, and, though not general, they truly expressed the contempt to which curiosity had given place. After an interval of an hour the main body entered. Of their appearance I shall say something—the numbers you will find in the annexed note. All, that we had heard of Herculean frames, and elegant figures, has been the exaggeration of malice or cowardice. There are all sorts among them, but at the first glance it is apparent that the majority of the army is composed of Irish emigrants, attenuated by hunger. The uniform of all that have entered consists of a jacket and pantaloons of common light blue cloth, precisely the same as the recluses of San Roque, and with no ornament but the military insignia. All, even the dragoons, wear flat cloth caps, though several have adopted the palm hats of the country, and we saw some enter with *tompeates* on their heads. If I were not in a hurry, I would substitute the pencil for the pen, in order to send you a sketch of an officer of the line who presented himself on an enormous cart-horse, with a frock-coat of most ab-

surd cut, and an old common straw hat turned up as a three-cocked one. Altogether the general aspect of the army is all that bad taste and economy can produce of ridiculous, sordid, and filthy. Nor does their armament seem to me anything extraordinary. In a word, except the draught horses, which are very good, I assure you, without exaggeration, that these men bring nothing that we have not seen a thousand times. Even the immense number of their wagons is not a proof of large stores. The wagons are all empty, and I understood their principal use to be for the transport of troops. How, then, have they done what they have? How have they continually beaten our army, which not only surpasses them in appearance—for that is unquestionable—but in my opinion has real and positive advantages over them? Every one asks this question, to which there is but one reply. Their leaders, and particularly the colonels of regiments, are old gray-haired men. Their gray hairs explain the phenomenon. This makes me still rely on our soldiers, and gives me for the future some hopes, which we require more than ever. For to us (above all the poets, or who aspire to be such)—to us, who cannot separate the idea of progress in civilization from a certain cordiality of manners, politeness, and external refinement, these coarse and clownish men, who in everything sacrifice elegance to economy, cannot be recognized as the Messiahs of our civilization. (The writer estimates the whole American force at 4,200 men and 13 pieces of artillery.) As soon as the division entered, the artillery and infantry formed in the square, and the wagons extended from the street of Mercaderes to the bridge of Noche Buena. The soldiers piled their arms, and the greater part lay down to sleep with perfect confidence, being apparently half dead with fatigue. Our guard in the place was put under arms.

A great number of the people came and went amongst the soldiers, and the tired division in the square, off their guard, and without their arms, were surrounded by 5,000 or 6,000 men. They remained so till 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the troops occupied the barracks and convents of Santo Domingo and San Luis, and the wagons were placed here and there, as they could find room. The troops remained in barracks all night. Generals Worth and Quitman occupied the palace, the guard of which was changed; and the officers were scattered through the taverns and coffee-houses. At the tavern in the lower part of our house a few of them, whose philanthropic disposition had been excited by wine, gave me the most inharmonious concert that I have heard in my life. Yesterday they took possession of the hills of Loreto and Guadalupe, and to-day of the convent of La Merced; and it seems that some troops and artillery have been sent to the hill of San Juan. The population, meanwhile, have maintained their accustomed stoicism. They show no respect, nor much dislike, to the invaders. If a few are excited at the picture which the city presents, the rest scarcely allude to it, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. There have been some squabbles, and one or two Yankees have been killed by the *leperos* of Analco, but the mass of the people show neither inclination nor aversion towards them, and require some provocation to rouse them from their apathy. Unluckily, these gentry are aware of

this, and not only behave with circumspection, but do violence to their nature to the extent of being affable and deferential. Many of them hear mass with the utmost devotion, and all uncover themselves when they meet a priest. Several have given alms at the holy places. To-day Worth visited the bishop, and when the latter returned the visit, he was received with the same honors as they pay to their general. By this policy they have commenced a moral conquest of the part of the population which I thought least accessible—I mean the old women. All the officers have got by heart the last proclamation of Scott, which you have seen. They talk of nothing but fraternity between the two republics, and say they have only come to save the democratic principle, threatened with a foreign monarchy by the cabinets of Europe.

LENGTH OF THE HUMAN HAIR.—The ordinary length of the hair of the head, as deduced from its measurement in women, ranges between twenty inches and a yard, the latter being considered as unusually long. But in some instances the length is much greater; as in the case of a lady in whom, I am informed, it measures two yards, and trails or the ground when she stands erect. When, however, hair is kept closely shaved, it appears to become persistent, and at the same time increases in strength and bulk. It has been calculated by a curious investigator (Withof) that the hair of the beard grows at the rate of one line and a half in the week; this will give a length of six inches and a half in the course of a year, and for a man of eighty years of age, twenty-seven feet which have fallen before the edge of the razor. Such an amount of growth appears in nowise remarkable, when we learn from Eble that in the prince's court at Eidam there is a full-length painting of a carpenter whose beard was nine feet long, so that, when engaged at work, he was obliged to carry it in a bag; and that the burgomeister, Hans Stomingen, having upon one occasion forgotten to fold up his beard, trod upon it as he ascended the stair-case leading to the council chamber of Brunn, and was thereby thrown down and killed.—*Wilson on the skin.*

APPAREL.—A man ought, in his clothes, to conform something to those that he converses with, to the custom of the nation, and the fashion that is decent and general, to the occasion, and his own condition; for that is best that best suits with one's calling, and the rank we live in. And seeing that all men are not *Cedipuses*, to read the riddle of another man's inside, and most men judge by appearances, it behoves a man to barter for a good esteem, even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle we see it wears.—*Feltham.*

EXAGGERATIONS.—Never to speak by superlatives is a sign of a wise man; for that way of speaking wounds either truth or prudence. Exaggerations are so many prostitutions of reputation, because they discover the weakness of understanding, and the bad discerning of him that speaks. Excessive praises excite both curiosity and envy; so that, if merit answer not the value that is set upon it, as it generally happens, general opinion revolts against the imposture, and makes the flatterer and the flattered both ridiculous.—*Anon.*

